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Selections.

"CO-OPERATION ON A GROUND OF COMMON BENEVOLENCE."

From The Independent.

WORKING WITH ERRORISTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In the congregation ministered to by Theodore Parker, at the Music Hall in Boston, known as the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society," there is a literary association styled the "Fraternity." Said Fraternity has got up a series of "Fraternity Lectures," an avowed object of which, if a newspaper announcement may be credited, was to give to the "ideas" of Mr. Parker a freer scope than the Lyceum platform allows. But whether that was the purpose or not, it is manifest that the effect would be, so far as any impression was made on the public, to give increased popularity to the man and his "Church." If the lectures prove, as has been claimed, "the most successful course of the season," they will reflect a certain lustre upon the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society," and upon the man whose infidelity is its pervading spirit. Such an effect, we should suppose, would be deprecated—at least, would not be even constructively aided—by a sincere friend of evangelical religion. But the pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn has appeared upon Mr. Parker's platform, to lend to it his popularity. Mr. Beecher has asserted his right to do in all things what is right in his own eyes, and we are not disposed, even if we were able, to abridge his liberty. But it is utterly incomprehensible by us how he reconciles with his love for the Gospel such open aid and comfort to its bitterest enemies. To appear with Mr. Parker, contemporaneously or successively, upon a platform which represents neither him nor his "ideas," is one thing; to assist in giving *eclat* to an infidel enterprise is a very different thing—and that is what every Fraternity lecturer, and every purchaser of a Fraternity ticket, has done.—*New York Examiner.*

OF course we believe in newspapers, and in editors. Yet, even an editor may be mistaken, and a newspaper may fail into misstatements! And *The Examiner* has in this instance been misled by a too confiding trust in religious or secular newspapers.

It is true that the Fraternity Course was under the supervision of members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, but it is not true that it was got up for the sake of giving Mr. Parker's "'ideas' a freer scope than the Lyceum platform allows"—if by *ideas The Examiner* means Mr. Parker's characteristic religious views. On the contrary, it was known that Mr. Parker was preparing four historical discourses, on Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and (we believe) Franklin. But such was the ill odor in Boston of Mr. Parker's religious notions that a studious care had been exercised to keep him from Boston lecture platforms, though history, art, or belles letters were his theme, lest the influence of anything that was good in him should "reflect a lustre" upon that part of him which religious men so much deprecate.

But, on the other hand, the attempt to suppress a man, and to silence his speech, on the great topics which are common to men of *all* religious views, must produce, not only among his personal friends, but among honorable men who utterly differ from him in religion, a determination that he shall have a chance to *speak*, at least; and then, if people did not wish to hear an "infidel," on secular topics, of course they can stay at home. In other respects, this Lecture Course was like ordinary courses. The only respect in which it was peculiar was that Theodore Parker was to deliver four lectures in the course, upon Washington, John Adams, Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

The funds, over and above the expenses, if there should be any, were *not* designed to support either Mr. Parker or the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, of which he is the minister. They were to be employed in charitable purposes, and for the most part among the poor and unfriended!

And if the young men of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston judged that we were one who would be glad to coöperate with Theodore Parker, in all honorable ways which did not imply approbation of his theology, for objects common to all good men, and if they judged that we should be forward to aid all measures, among all sects, which had for their object the improvement of the young, and the relief of the suffering, they judged rightly. We believe in the right of free speech even of men whose speech, when delivered, we do not believe!

Did *The Examiner* think that the young gentlemen of Mr. Parker's Society got up a course of popular lectures for the sake of covertly propagating infidelity, and invited me, without disclosing the inward scheme, to garnish the course, and to lend my influence, blindfolded, to such an aim? Or did it never enter the head of *The Examiner* that a man might associate with men from whose theological tenets he utterly dissented, because he sympathized with the special benevolence which they would perform? because he had an *ethical* sympathy with them in spite of their theology? because he believed that a good man ought always to seek occasions of working with men, rather than of working away from them?

We should be sorry to suppose ourselves singular in this judgment. Are we to take the ground that no orthodox man shall encourage the young to self-improvement and to works of benevolence, unless they are sound in the faith? Because Mr. Parker teaches a wrong theology to the young men of his charge, are we to hold off and refuse to help them when they endeavor to live a great deal better than we should suppose their theology would incline them to? But this is the very case in hand. The young men in Mr. Parker's Society undertook to do good by a course of general lectures; we lectured in the course; good papers are full of grief; and *The Examiner* regards it as "utterly incomprehensible." We must be still more incomprehensible, then, when we say that, though we would earnestly desire men to believe aright in religion, yet, if they will not, then we hope that their life will be better than their creed. And if we see men of a heretical turn of mind practising Gospel virtues and charities, we shall certainly encourage and help them. For men do not derive the right to do good from the Thirty-nine Articles; nor need they go to the Westminster Confession for liberty to recover the intemperate, set free the bond, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, and give sleigh-rides to beggars' children that never before laughed and cuddled in a buffalo-robe! It seems to us a great deal better business for a Christian man to encourage men in well-doing than to punish them for wrong-thinking!

But *The Examiner* thinks that the success of this course of lectures will "*reflect a certain lustre* upon the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, and upon the man whose infidelity is its pervading spirit." Well, what then? Are we to punish an infidel for his infidelity by refusing him all credit for personal goodness, for active benevolence, for practical humanity?

If anybody does right, he *ought* to be applauded. If Mr. Parker *does* well, he deserves the credit for well-doing. If the young men of his charge do well, they deserve all the "lustre" of it. Or shall we take ground that no man who is not of sound orthodox faith is to have any "lustre" for practical virtues? Must nobody be counted ethically right until he is theologically sound? Such a doctrine would be monstrous! Every just and generous man in the community ought to rejoice in the good conduct of every man, without regard to his speculative views or theological affinities!

If a man institutes a temperance movement, must I refuse to help him because, being a Universalist minister, his zeal and fidelity in that cause would "reflect a lustre" upon him and his sect? If a man would establish and endow a hospital, must I refuse to co-work with him because, being a Unitarian, its success would reflect a certain lustre upon that faith?

When, in the pestilence in New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity did not count their lives dear to them, but night and day, fearless of death and defiant of fatigue, gave their utmost being to the care of the miserable sick, must I, a Protestant, refuse admiration or fellowship for fear a "certain lustre" would shine upon the Roman Catholic Church?

If a Jew does nobly, he deserves the lustre which right-doing ought to confer; if an Atheist or an Infidel live virtuously and act honorably, he should have the "lustre" belonging to virtue and honor!

Does *The Examiner* think that we do not care for our own theologic views? We care a good deal. We shall yield them to no man's dictation. We shall not indorse any man's theology which differs from them. We have enough of the old disciple nature left to feel very desirous that folks who will cast out devils should do it in our train. If they won't—why, then, we will help them to do it in *their* way! But, if we were to help an Episcopal movement for general benevolence, would any man say that we indorsed High Church notions? If we were affectionately and urgently invited to Princeton, to examine the senior class in theology and give them some tender cautions on parting from Turretin and entering the life of realities, would anybody be so cruel as to say that we believed in high Calvinism, or were indifferent to all woes of conscience produced by that energetic system? Bishop Hughes will never invite us to speak in his new cathedral and we not promptly accept it. But we affectionately appeal to *The Examiner* whether, on such an interesting occurrence, he would think it his duty to pierce us with such remarks as are now puncturing our peace from his words?

If I had gone to Boston to buy carpets or books, or if I had gone to Boston to help the Republican cause, no question would have been raised. In selfish and worldly interests men are allowed coöperation for common ends. But if I divest myself of all selfish or secular aims, and rise to a higher plane of benevolence, and seek to raise the fallen, to restore the lost, to purify the vicious, to elevate the ignorant, and to cheer the poor and neglected, Christian ministers and editors will not let me coöperate for such divine objects with every man who will sincerely work for them; but I must pick for men of right philosophy, for men right in all theology! Thus we allow selfishness to go with flowing robes and a loose girdle. We make her feet light and her hands nimble. But upon religion we put iron shoes and steel gloves. We burden her with mail, and underneath it all we draw the girt of conscience to the last hole. Then she goes slowly forth, scarcely able to walk or to breathe!

I have long ago been convinced that it was better to love men than to hate them; that one would be more likely to convince them of wrong belief by showing a cordial sympathy with their welfare than by nipping and pinching them with logic. And although I do not disdain, but honor, philosophy applied to religion, I think that the world just now needs the Christian Heart more than anything else. And, even if the only and greatest question were the propagation of right theology, I am confident that right speculative views will grow up faster and firmer in the summer of true Christian loving than in the rigorous winter of solid, congealed orthodoxy, or the blustering March of controversy.

Does anybody inquire why, if so thinking, we occasionally give such sharp articles upon the great religious newspapers, *The Observer, The Intelligencer*, and the like? Oh, pray do not think it for any ill-will. It is all kindness! We only do it to keep our voice in practice. We have made orthodoxy a study. And by an attentive examination of *The Presbyterian, The Observer, The Puritan Recorder*, and such like unblemished confessors, we have perceived that no man is truly sound who does not pitch into somebody that is not sound; and that a real modern orthodox man, like a nervous watch-dog, must sit on the door-stone of his system, and bark incessantly at everything that comes in sight along the highway. And when there is nothing to bark at, either he must growl and gnaw his reserved bones or bark at the moon to keep up the sonorousness of his voice. And so, for fear that the sweetness of our temper may lead men to think that we have no theologic zeal, we lift up an objurgation now and then—as much as to say, "Here we are, fierce and orthodox: ready to growl when we cannot bite."

But *The Examiner* says: "The pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn has appeared upon Mr. Parker's platform, to lend it his popularity." I neither borrowed nor lent. I went before an audience in the Tremont Temple, the place for the chief part of public lectures, to give my own ideas, and to exert whatever power I had by my thoughts and by my feelings upon such audience as pleased to come. If they were good men, they needed me less; if they were bad, they needed me more. But either way, I was responsible for my own testimony, and for nothing more; and this was not lent to Mr. Parker, but to the audience. Yet, whenever Theodore Parker does what is right and noble, if it were possible for me to lend him anything I would do it gladly. I have nothing to lend, however, but good will, and that I never lend, but give free as God's air!

But, it will be asked, will the public understand your position, and, however you may design it, will not the impression go abroad either that you sympathize with infidel views or are indifferent to them? No. The public are just the ones who will not misunderstand. There is formed and forming a moral judgment in the intelligent part of the community that popular Christianity needs more love in it. Men at large will be a great deal more apt to say that I done a more exemplary Christian act, in daring to avow an *ethical* sympathy with Theodore Parker, between whom and myself there exists an irreconcilable theological difference, than if I had bombarded him for a whole year, and refused to touch his hand!

What a pitiful thing it is to see men, who have the chance of saying what they believe, who do say it two hundred times a year, who write it, sing it, speak it, and fight it—who, by all their social affinities, by all their life-work, by all positive and most solemn testimonies, are placed beyond misconception—always nervous lest they should sit down with somebody, or speak with somebody, or touch somebody, and so lose an immaculate reputation for soundness! Therefore men peep out from their systems as prisoners in jail peep out of iron-barred windows, but dare not come out, for fear some sharp sheriff of the Faith should arrest them!

If we held Theodore Parker's views, we should not wait to have it *inferred*. Men would hear it from our lips, and hear it past all mistaking. And we are not going at our time of life to begin to watch over our "*influence*"; to cut and trim our sentences lest some mousing critic should pounce upon an infelicity and draw upon us a suspicion. We have never sought influence, and we never shall seek it. Any that we have now came to us because we went straight forward, doing what was *right*, and always believing that a *loving heart* was a better judge of what *was* right than a cold and accurate head. Neither is infallible. Both make mistakes. But the errors of the heart dissolve in the kindness of men's natures as snowflakes dissolve in warm-bosomed lakes, while the errors of cold intellect pierce and stick like arrows. If I cannot make my people understand my belief, in fifty-two Sabbaths of the year, I shall not mend the matter by refusing to follow the generous sympathies of my heart.

No. The common people will not misunderstand. Nor will practical Christian ministers. They may differ from my judgment, but they will understand my deed. It is only those professed defenders of the faith, who, having erected suspicion into a Christian grace, practise slander as a Christian duty, that will be liable to mistake. And it makes no difference whether such men understand or not. These men are like aspen trees growing on rocks. In conceit and arrogance they are hard as granite, while they tremble all over like aspen leaves with perpetual fears and apprehensions of dismal mischief to come!

When Theodore Parker appears in his representative character as a theologian, I am as irreconcilably opposed to him as it is possible to be. The things that are dear to him are cheerless and unspeakably solitary and mournful to me. The things which are the very centre of my life, the inspiration of my existence, the glory of my thought and the strength of my ministry, are to him but very little. I differ from him in fact, in theory, in statement, in doctrine, in system, in hope and expectation, living or dying, laboring or resting—in theology, we are separate, and irreconcilable.

Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible.

They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of him, and in him. I put my soul into his arms, as, when I was born, my father put me into my mother's arms. I draw all my life from him. I bear him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe that he also bears me. For I do truly believe that we love each other! I a speck, a particle, a nothing, only a mere beginning of something that is gloriously yet to be when the warmth of God's bosom shall have been a summer for my growth; and HE, the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!

And this Redeemer of the world, this Savior of sinners, I accept, not only as my guide, my friend, my deliverer, but as an atoning God, who bore my sins upon the cross, and delivered me from their penalty. And, since my life is spared to me by him, I give to him that life again. This hope of Christ is the staff of my ministry. First, highest, and in measure beyond all other things, I preach Jesus Christ. And all other topics are but arrows shot out of this Divine bow. And this has been so for twenty years, eleven of which I have labored in Brooklyn. And yet *The Examiner* is pleased to reproach me, as if, against the sweep of my life, and the current and testimony of my being, I had gone to Boston to give "eclat to an infidel enterprise," because I gladly helped men who do not agree with me in theology to do deeds of mercy in which all good men are united!

What must be the condition of the public mind, on the subject of Christian charity, when the simple coöperation of a man, on a ground of common benevolence, is made to signify more than his whole regular life-work?

The disposition to find some common ground of kindness and benevolence work, with those from whom we are known to differ, will be a real preaching of the Gospel to tens of thousands who are unmoved by dogmas or doctrines. It is love that the world wants. When love goes abroad in the full worth of its nature, and endures, and suffers, without reward except the sweetness of suffering borne for another, then men begin to see what is the heart and spirit of Christ, and to have some motions toward faith in him!

If tears could wash away from Mr. Parker's eyes the hindrances, that he might behold Christ as I behold and adore him, I would shed them without reserve. If prayers could bring to him this vision of glory, beyond sight of philosophy, I would for him besiege the audience chamber of heaven with an endless procession of prayers, until another voice sounding forth from another light brighter than the noon-day sun, should cast down another blinded man, to be lifted up an apostle with inspired vision!

But since I may not hope so to prevail, I at least will carry him in my heart, I will cordially work with him when I can, and be heartily sorry whenever I cannot.

While we yet write, word comes that Mr. Parker, broken down by overlabor, seeks rest and restoration in a warmer clime. Should these lines reach his eye, let him know that one heart at least remembers his fidelity to man, in great public exigencies when so many swerved, of whom we had a right to expect better things. God shield him from the ocean, the storm, the pestilence; and heal him of lurking disease. And there shall be one Christian who will daily speak his name to the heart of God in earnest prayer, that with health of body he may receive upon his soul the greatest gift of God—faith in Jesus Christ as the Divine Savior of the world.

FEDERAL PATRONAGE AT WASHINGTON.

THEY had a Special Committee of the House appointed last session to call the muster-roll of the patriotic army who fight their country's battles in the several departments at the Capital. There was for many weeks a diligent study of the Blue Book, on the part of distinguished members of the Committee; much abstruse calculation, involving the striking of painful averages, and the evolution of faultless ratios, and finally there came a series of arithmetical tables, as elaborate as those invented by the ancestor of His Excellency the British Ambassador, though, if possible, a shade less useful than they. The sum and product of this laborious legislative foray among figures appear in the shape of a declaration that the patronage of the Federal Executive at the seat of government is most unfairly distributed among the several States and Territories of the Union, the District of Columbia running away with the lion's share, and of the residue the Southern States taking a ridiculously unfair proportion. In the following table is digested the fruit of the Committee's investigations, presenting the numbers and origin of the clerks and messengers in service on the 30th of September, 1857, in the several Washington offices, with an estimate of the state of affairs if the selection were more impatially made:

States and Territories.	Number of persons appointed from each State and Territory.	Number each State would be entitled to, as also Territories, according to representation.	Amount paid to clerks and other persons each year.	Amount of patronage in the Executive Department distributed amongst the States according to the electoral vote and delegates in Congress.
EASTERN STATES.				
Maine	23	30	$33 200 00	$42,598 96
New Hampshire	17	15	27 800 00	26 624 35
Vermont	5	15	7 700 00	26 624 35
Massachusetts	18	55	27 346 30	69 223 31
Rhode Island	3	10	5 200 00	21,299 48
Connecticut	18	20	27 200 00	31 949 22
Total	84	145	$127,446 30	$218,319 67
MIDDLE STATES.				
New York	70	165	$106,463 75	$186 370 45
New Jersey	20	25	27,790 50	37 274 09
Pennsylvania	100	125	149,805 00	143,771 49
Total	190	315	$284,059 25	$367,416 03
SOUTHERN (SLAVE) STATES.				
Delaware	8	5	$12 200 00	$15,974 61
Maryland	83	30	118,780 00	42 598 96
Virginia	117	65	166,850 00	79,873 05
North Carolina	23	40	32 400 00	53 248 70
South Carolina	10	30	14 400 00	42 598 96
Georgia	12	40	16 800 00	53 248 70
Florida	7	5	10,600 00	15 974 61
Alabama	13	35	18,800 00	47,923 83
Mississippi	16	25	22 200 00	37,274 09
Louisiana	16	25	32,800 00	31,949 22
Texas	7	10	9,700 00	21,299 48
Arkansas	6	10	8 400 00	21 299 48
Tennessee	25	50	36 300 00	63,898 44
Kentucky	24	50	35 300 00	63,898 44
Missouri	14	35	20,800 00	47,923 83
District of Columbia	382	..	425,613 00	....
Total	763	450	$971,943 00	$639,984 40
WESTERN STATES.				
Ohio	53	105	$76,300 00	$112 472 01
Indiana	28	55	39,340 00	69,223 31
Illinois	20	45	28,400 00	58 573 57
Michigan	24	20	28 900 00	31 949 22
Wisconsin	10	15	13 400 00	26 624 35
Iowa	5	10	6 000 00	21 299 48
California	10	10	13,800 00	21 299 48
Total	150	260	$206,143 00	$341,441 42
TERRITORIES.				
Minnesota	2	5	2 200 00	5,324 87
Oregon	2	5	2,600 00	5,324 86
New Mexico	..	5	....	5,324 87
Utah	..	5	....	5,324 87
Washington	1	5	1,200 00	5,324 87
Nebraska	..	5	....	5,324 87
Kansas	1	5	1,200 00	5,324 87
Total	6	35	$7,200 00	....
United States Army	6	..	7 680 00	....
Foreign countries	6	..	8 968 75	....
Grand Total	1 205	1,205	$1,613,437 30	....

The following table, showing additional appointments to March 4, 1858, epitomises the Committee's supplementary inquiries:

EASTERN STATES.			
Maine	2	Massachusetts	2
New Hampshire	—	Rhode Island	—
Vermont	—	Connecticut	6
Total			10
MIDDLE STATES.			
New York	2	Pennsylvania	4
New Jersey	—		—
Total			6
SOUTHERN (SLAVE) STATES.			
Delaware	—	Mississippi	3
Maryland	7	Louisiana	2
Virginia	13	Texas	—
North Carolina	1	Arkansas	—
South Carolina	2	Tennessee	3
Georgia	2	Kentucky	4
Florida	1	Missouri	4
Alabama	3	District of Columbia	43
Total			88
WESTERN STATES.			
Ohio	—	Wisconsin	2
Indiana	6	Iowa	1
Illinois	—	California	2
Michigan	—		—
Total			12
TERRITORIES.			
Minnesota	—	Washington	—
Oregon	—	Nebraska	—
New Mexico	—	Kansas	—
Utah	—	Total	—
Total			116

It thus appears that more than one-third of the Federal offices at Washington have been bestowed upon residents of the District of Columbia; and that to the Southern or slave States considerably more than one-half of the appointments go. The second table proves that, under the Administration of James Buchanan, the partiality in favor of the slaveholding interest is yet more emphatic, eighty-eight out of one hundred and sixteen being selections from among our Southern brethren. But this aspect of the question, though curious, does not of course concern us. It may be that the business qualifications of citizens of the District, or of the States at the Southward, are of a higher standard than any attainable in the North or West. And it is quite certain that if political reward, not qualifications, be, as many cunningly conjecture, the rule of choice, there are more weighty obligations of Mr. Buchanan at the South to be compensated than any at all likely to accrue elsewhere. But the Committee do not trouble themselves with such incidental matters, nor need we. It is enough that while the neighbors of the Executive mansion bask in the very noontide of Federal patronage, the warmth of the circle grows less, and its light diminishes as it recedes from that centre, until in the Territories it expires utterly, leaving untold thousands of Democratic backwoodsmen, amply qualified for the best places in the gift of government, to waste their unappreciated lives on the prairies and among the wilds of the further West. It is shocking to think that while Virginia has 130 representatives on the official stools of the capital, Nebraska, Utah and New Mexico have not one. Here, it will be perceived, is gross partiality. The first families have the *pas* of the last settlers. Richmond and Norfolk educate more men to that degree of ripeness, which enables them to spend two thousand a year, than does the whole of that measureless region between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The Committee is right. There should indeed be reform. The Federal offices were designed to afford the greatest good to the greatest number of office-holders; and in executing the sacred trust handed down to us by the Fathers of the Constitution, we cannot be too scrupulous about the fair disposition of these priceless heirlooms.

The Committee, duly impressed with this view, suggest, with infinite diffidence, the idea of apportioning the appointments numerically to the several States, by the rule of so many to each Congressional district. The diffidence is natural. It is no trifling matter for the people in Congress assembled to presume—not, of course, to choose its servants, for that degree of presumption is happily barred to them by the Constitution—but to regulate the choice in those empowered to execute it. The Committee therefore obtests that what it proposes is not to the slightest extent intended to curtail the Executive prerogative or to embarrass its exercise. They understand too well their own insignificance in the presence of a Democratic President. They only mean to give some satisfaction to the people at large, some hope to the ardent patriot, who at a distance thirsts to serve his country at its metropolis. It is hard, they say, that those in the States where Presidents are chosen and Cabinet appointments rendered possible should ask in vain for place and pay at Washington; while the citizens of the District, without claim or right—without qualification, perhaps—who knows?—crowd the long-suffering partisan from his seat. The consideration overcomes the hesitation of the Committee. They report the bill, and ask who can oppose it; since it is equally obvious that the same recommendation that exacts the construction of a Federal Congress from elements summoned from every part of the Union is no less eloquent for a similar selection of departmental clerks? The force of the question may not be so obvious to the reader as the Committee assume; but let it exert all the force it has.

The truth is, the introduction of any such bill, founded upon such a report, is one of the most painful evidences of the demoralization of the Federal Government. For, its title should read, "A bill to relieve the Executive from the importunity of office-seekers, and to extend the area and efficiency of Executive patronage, with especial reference to the control of the House of Representatives." These are clearly the objects of the measure. The disproportionate number of appointments from the District of Columbia, and from the States immediately about it, are doubtless owing partly to the superior opportunities of the appointees for persistently boring the Executive, and partly to the circumstance that a very large number are veteran office-holders, whose citizenship of the District and vicinage is the necessary consequence of their long public service. To shut the door upon these thronging applicants, and to turn out of doors the old placemen, would be the immediate result of the present bill; compelling the President, nothing loath, to a series of changes in the Administrative bureaux, which would at once place a large amount of patronage at the control of the Executive, with unusual conditions for rendering it effective. In other words, the means of corruption, so prodigally used by the actual President in the course of his half-term of office as to be already exhausted, are to be recreated, as the only means of carrying his career to a wretched close. Nor is this all. The mode in which the disposition of the new energy is to be exercised indicates the immediate object of its application. The assignment of the right of nomination to the member of Congress affords a powerful addition to those ties which already render the Representative a miserable dependent of the Administration. What use the President is capable of making of the energy was abundantly exemplified in his crusade against Senator Douglas; when members who withheld their assent from the Executive policy in regard to Kansas were punished, and in several shameless instances reduced to compliance by the removal of their local nominees from office. The Select Committee, therefore, in recommending the passage of this bill, recommend the entire subjugation of the House, of which they are members, to the Executive. There is to be nothing reserved from that overshadowing branch of the government. The means and instruments of corruption must be developed, mustered and rendered doubly efficient by any such transfer of a local patronage to a general account, this enrolment of a new legion of Prætorians in the popular wing of the Legislature. Such is the genuine purport of the Committee's bill. They reinforce the decreptitude of the Administration by reinforcing its means of mischief. It is a measure as ominous as that vote of the Roman Senate which made the Cæsars the hereditary Princes of that body.

As an evidence of demoralization, the bill is all the more discouraging, in that the palpable lesson of these latter years is the urgent need of restricting the expansion of Executive influence, especially in its invasions of the Capitol. It has become, and not unreasonably, a strong popular conviction that the Senate has long since ceased to be an independent body; that, in fact, it does little else than did the French Parliaments of the old *régime*, in registering the decrees of State. Hybrid in composition, it belongs rather to the Executive than to the Legislature, the latter character being exercised under the direction it receives from the former. The subjection of the House of Representatives to the same usurpation is a political evil than all others to be more profoundly dreaded; and yet the rapidly accelerating tendency of the House is to grant, and of the Administration to grasp, this very dangerous power. The present bill, as a new impulse to this mischievous drift, should certainly be promptly dismissed. Had it tended to distribute patronage by the criterion of merit, it would have had some claim to salvation. But as it only proposes to systematize the vicious partisan rule already existing, and to make it more available for corrupt purposes, there is no honest word to be said in its behalf.—*N. Y. Times.*

"UNCLE TOM" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE following letter from Thomas Watts, Esq., of the British Museum, to Mr. Low, bookseller of London, will, I think, be interesting to many readers of *The Independent* and to literary men generally. It discovers a field of usefulness for "Uncle Tom" which was wholly unanticipated when the book was written, and adds another to the already numerous unprecedented circumstances connected with its history.

Andover, Mass., Jan. 4th, 1859. C. E. S.

BRITISH MUSEUM, Dec. 16th, 1858.

DEAR SIR: It is certainly one of the most striking features in the unprecedented popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that it has been translated into so many languages, and among them into so many obscure ones, languages into which it has been found so hard on many occasions for popularity to penetrate. Even the master-pieces of Scott and Dickens have never been translated into Welsh, while the American novel has forced its way in various shapes into the language of the ancient Britons. There is a complete and excellent translation by Hugh Williams, there is an abridged one by W. Williams, and there is a strange incorporation of it, almost entire, into the body of a tale by Rev. W. Rees, called "Aelwyd f'Ewythr Robert, or Uncle Robert's Hearth" Probably with the exception of the Scriptures and the Prayer book, no other book had previously received the honor of a second translation into Welsh except the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In the east of Europe it has found as much acceptance as in the west. *The Edinburgh Review* mentioned some time ago that there was a translation into Magyar. There are, in fact, three, one by Irinyi, one by Tatar, and one, probably an abridged one, for the use of children. There are two, one by "J. B," one Malavasic, into the Wendish; and two, one by Popp, and one by ——, into the Wallachian. There is one in Polish by Dudacki, and a translation of the adaptation of Miss Arabella Palmer into Russian. A full translation into Russian appears to have been forbidden till lately, lest it might get into circulation among the serfs, among whom it might be as hazardous to introduce it as the Portuguese version, published in Paris, among the slaves of Brazil. Of course, the book exists also in Danish, Swedish, and Dutch, and in the great literary languages of the Continent the circulation has been immense. In the Bibliographie de la France, at least four versions are mentioned, which have run through various editions, and in the Leipzic catalogues for Michaelmas, 1852, and Easter, 1853, the distinct German versions enumerated amount to no less than thirteen. In the Asiatic languages the only version I have yet seen is the Armenian.

Copies of all these versions in all these languages have been procured or ordered for the British Museum. It is customary in all great libraries to make a collection of the versions of the Scriptures in various languages and dialects, to serve among other purposes for those of philological study. I suggested to Mr. Panizzi, then at the head of the printed book department, that in this point of view it would be of considerable interest to collect the versions of "Uncle Tom." The translation of precisely the same text by thirteen different translators, at precisely the same epoch of a language, is a circumstance perhaps altogether unprecedented, and it is also not likely to recur, as the tendency of modern alterations in the law of copyright is to place restrictions on the liberty of translation. The possession of such a book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is very different from that of such a book as "Thomas à Kempis," in the information it affords to the student of a language. There is every variety of style, from that of animated narration and passionate wailing to the most familiar dialogue, not only in the language of the upper classes, but of the lowest. The student who has once mastered "Uncle Tom" in Welch or Wallachian is not likely to meet any further difficulties in his progress through Welsh or Wallachian prose. These considerations, united to those of another character which had previously led to the collection by the Museum of translations of the plays of Shakspeare, the Antiquary, the Pickwick Club, etc. etc., as interesting evidence of the literary taste of ages and nations, led to the adoption of my views, and many of these versions have already found their way to the shelves of the Museum, while others are in the wake. When all are assembled, the notes and prefaces of the various translators would furnish ample materials for an instructive article in a review.

I regret that my account of these versions should be so much less extended than I had hoped to make it, but especially at this period of the year the duties of an officer of the British Museum render it almost impossible for him to make any use whatever of the treasures committed to his keeping, which are, as a rule, as closed to him as they are open to the public. You must excuse, on this account, all my shortcomings, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) THOMAS WATTS.

Mr. Low.—*Independent.*

THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

VIEWS OF MR. GIDDINGS.

[Conclusion of a Speech, by Hon. J. R GIDDINGS, delivered in the House of Representatives, Jan. 12th, 1859.]

IT is undoubtedly true that some who desire to defeat the Democratic party desire to modify the Republican platform; and it is equally certain that no man who desires the success of our *doctrines* will advise us to abandon their support. It must be obvious that every effort to change our position tends to our defeat, though it may not be so designed. Our troops are in the field; our enemy is before us; our ranks are serried, and ready for the conflict; and he must be a secret enemy or a doubtful friend who would advise us to change position in the face of the enemy, who is ready to charge so soon as he sees us begin to waiver.

Of the character of the issue thus formed, I may be permitted to remark that no other ever has, and I think no other ever will, take so deep a hold upon the American mind as that which relates to the natural, the inalienable rights of mankind. These constitute the basis of the Republican platform now, as they did in 1776. The devotion of the American people to liberty then proved invincible upon those battle-fields where they met the enemies of freedom at the cannon's mouth; and it will not prove less efficient at this day, when the conflict is at the ballot-box. We are not only stimulated by our love of liberty, by all the sacred recollections which cluster around the deeds of that heroic age; but we have sworn, at the altar of our country, that "no person" under our jurisdiction "shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." Allegiance to the Constitution, to human nature, and to God, constrain us to maintain our republican doctrines.

I speak of the fundamental truths which constitute the basis of our political faith, as they constituted the basis of the Declaration of Independence. These truths are immutable and unchangeable as their Divine Author. They must forever remain the basis of our action, while the Constitution shall be maintained, or the party shall exist. On matters of policy, our platform may be changed to suit occasions as they arise; but the great central truth on which we all unite must remain unchanged. The constitutional powers of government must at all times be wielded to preserve every human soul under its exclusive jurisdiction in the enjoyment of the rights which God has bestowed on him.

To this doctrine there can be no modification. There is no neutral ground between *right* and *wrong*, between *liberty* and *slavery*. Every human being is entitled to live, to that liberty which is necessary to unfold his moral nature and prepare for Heaven. And he that is not with us on this point must be against us. And when politicians suggest that the Republican party shall abandon this primal truth, I reply, there is a million of electors in these States who will not abandon this doctrine of the Constitution, this faith of our Republican fathers. Men who have labored to bring out this great principle ten, fifteen or twenty years will not suddenly abandon it, face to the right about, and again submit to the domination of the Slave Power. They will not be deceived nor defrauded of their votes. They will sustain no man for the office of President or Vice President because they do not know whether he is *right* or *wrong*; but candidates, to obtain support, must show by their past action or present pledges that they stand unconditionally upon these primal doctrines.

I am aware that our opponents charge the Republican party with abandoning their platform, because members of this body voted at our last session for the amendment to the Lecompton Constitution in order to defeat that infamous measure. Even the President, in his message, repeats this charge. For the benefit of that high functionary, and others, I will say that members of Congress did not make the Republican platform, and they cannot *unmake* it. The people who framed it will see to its preservation. True, the President has cause to complain. We left our fortress and, by strategy in the open field, we captured his Lecompton host. But it is not usual for prisoners thus to complain of the superior science of their captors.

It has been objected that a political party cannot stand upon moral and religious truth. I reply, it cannot at this day stand *without* such basis. The progress of Christian civilization has demonstrated that the popular mind can be no longer satisfied with mere questions of policy, while the government is made to sanction the most arrant despotism, and encourage crimes of the most flagrant character.

We do not say the black man is, or shall be, the equal of the white man; or that he shall vote or hold office, however just such position may be; but we assert that he who murders a black man shall be hanged; that he who robs the black man of his liberty or his property shall be punished like other criminals. We deny that crime depends upon the complexion of him against whom it is committed.

Sir, our government should have led the nations of the earth in this glorious work; but it is now too late for us to aspire to that proud position. The Emperor of Russia is at this time engaged in freeing the slaves of his empire, while our President is seeking the extension of human bondage. England long since repudiated African slavery. France imitated the noble example. Several Mohammedan princes have shown themselves better Christians than American statesmen, by abolishing slavery and the slave trade in their dominions. Even phlegmatic Holland is in advance of us in the great cause of emancipation.

But it now appears to be generally expected, both North and South, East and West, by statesmen and people, that the Republican party will come into power at the next Presidential election; nothing can prevent this but their own divisions; and it is proper that we should forewarn the people of Cuba, and of Mexico, and of Central America, that if, by any means, they come under the jurisdiction of our Constitution, *its provisions will be inforced*; and that "no person *among them* shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." Having sworn allegiance to the doctrines of the fathers, we are expected to carry them out in good faith. Mr. Chairman, from childhood I have mingled with the people. I know their love of justice, their devotion to liberty. The great American heart beats in sympathy for the oppressed, for justice to ourselves and to mankind. The popular voice demands the exercise of our constitutional powers to drive oppression from our Territories, from our ships while sailing upon the high seas, from this District; to exclude it from all support by Congress, by the Executive, by our courts; to condemn it as an outlaw; and that the legitimate powers of government shall be exerted for freedom. Give the people an opportunity, and they will elect a President and Vice-President, a Senate and House of Representative, pledged not merely to these purposes, but to put forth the moral influence of our nation to drive oppression from the earth.

To the attainment of this object my official labors have long been directed. Those labors are now drawing to a close; and I shall soon surrender the cause, so far as I am concerned, to other and abler hands. My political pathway has been rugged, beset with difficulties. I have been constrained to meet many of my fellow-members in conflict, and at times those conflicts have been severe; but I am not conscious of having assailed any man except in self-defence; and I separate from my opponents without a feeling of unkindness; indeed, if my desire, my earnest prayer, could avail, they should all be just and wise, and pure and happy. Here for many long years I have concerted with friends and combatted opponents. The scenes through which I have passed rush upon the recollection as I am about to bid adieu to this arena of my political life. I shall leave it with emotions, but not with regret. I shall bear with me to private life many interesting recollections of the great contest which gives character to the age in which we live. And I beg to assure you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that, whether in public or in private life, in prosperity or adversity, whether living or dying, my heart's desire and prayer to God shall be that every human soul may enjoy that liberty which is necessary to protect and cherish life, attain knowledge, and prepare for Heaven; and, when I shall have passed away, let my epitaph announce that *I hated oppression and wrong*—that I LOVED LIBERTY AND JUSTICE.

BURNING OF NEGRO MURDERERS.

THE Union Springs (Ala) *Gazette*, of the 23d ult., gives the following account of the murder of Mr. Wiley Jenkins by his slave Milford, and the subsequent execution of the assassin by burning:

"The deceased has the reputation of having, even to a fault, ever been a kind and humane master. On the day before the murder Mr. J. had whipped this boy Milford, or had him whipped, for some misdemeanor, and had him chained or locked till Monday morning, when he went to him, took off his chain, and told him to 'go to the mill and go to work.' The boy made some impudent reply, when Mr. J. told him, if he did not stop his insolence, he would knock him down with a lock, and turned to walk away. The boy then took an axe that was lying near and struck Mr. J. on the head and knocked him down, dropped the axe and walked away a few steps; then turned and went back, took the axe and struck him three times more on the head, and retired a short distance and sat down, making no attempt to escape.

"A public meeting of the citizens, indiscriminately, was called on Wednesday, to determine what should be done with the negro, when the proposition was made to burn him alive, every one, to the number of two hundred to three hundred, voting for it. That evening, at three o'clock, in the presence of five hundred persons, he was chained to a tree and burned.

"Just before the fire was set, he confirmed the above statement in every particular. He stated also, that he had determined to kill his master some time before—that his having been whipped the day before had not instigated him to the brutal deed—that he had his knife open in his pocket to do the deed, when his master should come to unfasten him, but his heart failed him; but that when he told him if he did not stop his insolence, he would knock him down, he proceeded to execute his fell purpose.

"The culprit ceased to show any signs of life two and a half minutes from the time the torch was applied.

"On the 24th ult., Mr. Simon B. Thornhill, who resided near Troy, Mo., punished one of his negroes for misconduct. The negro then rushed on his master with a large knife and stabbed him, which caused his death in two days. The negro was taken to Troy, and confined in jail. The affair caused much excitement in the county, and on Saturday a very large number of persons collected at Troy, repaired to the jail, took the murderer out, and lynched him by burning."

A NEGRO INSURRECTION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche* furnishes the following accounts of a novel slave trial in Tallahatchie County:

The case of The State *ag*. Giles and Emanuel, slaves belonging to Mrs. James K. Polk, of Nashville, was the last case of importance upon the State docket, and elicited much discussion from the bar, and feeling from the community at large. The defendants were charged with "a conspiracy to make insurrection," an offence under our law punishable with death. The evidence showed that the overseer, a timid man, and afraid of the negroes, was in the habit of calling upon his associates to assist him in correcting them; that upon one of such occasions, they resisted him and his friends, and apparently with concerted purpose.

Our State declares the term insurrection to mean "an armed assembly of slaves or freeholders, or both, having intent to resist or subvert lawful authority." The indictment having been drawn under this statute, Judge Fisher, the counsel for the defendants, contended with great force that it charged no legal offence, because the authority to be resisted or subverted must be governmental authority—that is, the power of the State itself; that the term lawful authority does not mean such authority as that of the master over his slave; and, although the law sanctions and regulates this magisterial authority, it is but an authority derived from a domestic relation—not the creature of the law, but existing independently of it. This view was not, however, sustained by Judge Cothran, and the case was submitted without argument to the jury, who found the defendants "guilty as charged." The case, being one of life and death, will, doubtless, be appealed; and, as the question to be determined is one of novelty and great importance, the Bar look forward with much interest to the decision of the Appellate Court

A SOCIAL PROBLEM FOR SLAVEHOLDERS.

From The Missouri Democrat.

WE printed a few days since a report made to the Legislature of South Carolina, showing the births, deaths and population of that State for the year 1857, as follows:

	Births.	Deaths.	Increase.	Total Population.
Free	4,628	2 917	1,711	283,523
Slaves	14,292	8,770	5 522	384,984
Excess	9,564	5,858	3,811	101 461

These facts deserve attention from all men who live in slave States. South Carolina, in whose rice fields more negroes are *used up* than in any other Southern State, who boasts a slave system affirmed to be perfectly adjusted to her society, and where the cry has already been voiced forth for a revival of the African trade, shows a supplanting of the white race by the black race more startling than anything ever propounded by Malthus. As a basis of our remarks, we may note the fact that for *thirty years* the white population has not increased at all; it being within a few thousands in 1858 of what it was in 1838. Look then carefully at the above table. The slave population already exceeds the free by more than one hundred thousand—nearly one-half. The relation of births is as 3.08 to 1, in favor of the slaves—more than treble. At this rate, what will be the condition of South Carolina at the end of the next *thirty* years? With the whites, the number of deaths ranges close upon the number of births; the excess probably migrating to other States. With the blacks, the difference of births and deaths is largely in favor of the births, and increasing yearly in a geometrical progression. Consider also that the slave-breeding States will add largely to her servile class, and that this multiplying of the blacks must be at the expense of the whites to a certain extent. From these elements it may be estimated, according to accepted laws of population, that South Carolina will in thirty years contain a less number of free citizens than now, and more than *three-quarters of a million of slaves*. The blacks will be *three to one* to the whites—a social condition inflammable as powder, impossible to be sustained, and that can only look to revolt, terror, bloodshed, and extirpation, as the remedial courses of the State. It needs only a glance at these figures, and a lifting of that terrible curtain of the future, to see how insane, reckless, fatal is that policy persisted in by her statesmen of erecting barriers of prejudice against the influx of free laborers, and of making an effort to increase the importation of slaves. South Carolina must needs have *addition* to her white element, and must adopt *repression* of the black element, to save her from the fate of absorption. Mix a hundred thousand kidnapped Ashantee savages with her three-quarters of a million slaves, and it would not be a year before fire and blood would circle in frenzy over every plantation. Is it not clear to reason, then, that her only safety for the coming time *lies in free labor progression southward into the slave States. She must draw supplies of population from the hive of free-born nations—she must colonize from the white breeding States, or she will be the victim of negro corrosion worse than even Africanization.*

BUTTRESSING SLAVERY.

IT is well-known that within a few years the opinions of slaveholders have undergone a great revolution. This change of sentiment is well expressed by the editor of the Knoxville *Presbyterian Witness*.

"We once held, in common with a majority of our readers, that slavery, while it is not a sin *per se*, is nevertheless contrary to man's natural rights, an evil greatly to be deplored, and one which, in the right way and in the right time, should be done away. We now believe that slavery is right, according with the Bible, the will of God, the rights of the master and the slave, and the good of the white and black races."

It is this change of sentiment which has created the eager desire for an extension of slave territory, which led to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the disturbances in Kansas, and which is now coveting the purchase of Cuba, and the occupation of Sonora. Not content with defending slavery, it aims to abolish free labor, or make it disreputable. This growing tendency is seen in the recent meeting of the slaveholders of the eastern shore of Maryland, who decided, with almost perfect unanimity, that slave and free labor cannot coexist in the same community, and that either slavery must be abolished in Maryland or the free blacks must be banished or reduced to servitude. They agreed to hold a general Convention in June next, to decide upon the alternative.

Many so-called conservative journals at the North profess great indignation at the avowal, by Mr. Seward, that the important question now at issue in our republic is the predominance of slave or free labor. We have seen no notice in these papers of the meeting in Maryland, and no utterances of surprise or grief at its conclusions. But it cannot be overlooked that this issue was originated in the South, not in the North, and has been practically forced on our attention by the ambitious designs of southern leaders. If they elect the issue, the result cannot be doubtful. If, in a republic founded for the support and defence of free institutions, slaveholders decide that free labor must be exiled from their communities, they invite their own certain defeat in the struggle. If the free blacks are banished from Maryland, some future Longfellow will write a new Evangeline, which will hand down to posterity the record of their wrongs. When a social institution needs such buttresses to prop it, its fall must be near.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

From Punch.

THE PITH OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Toward almost all foreign nations
  Our outlooks ain't no ways fust-rate;
There's most of our foreign relations
  In an unsatisfactory state.
With the Britishers, through our high-mettled
  Diplomacy, guess we have got
The right of search question well settled—
  The Central American not.

With Spain we're in a condition,
  Of which we hante nothing to brag;
Her folks in official position
  Has insulted our national flag,
Done our citizens one wrong and t'other
  In their persons and property too;
And she won't pay our Cuban claims, nuther,
  Which is now fourteen year overdue.

Peculiar I reckon the natur'
  Of the sort of relations we bear
To Mexico—not wuth a tatur:
  Can't pay if they would—them coons there.
I can lay only one plan afore ye,
  By our own from them critters to come;
To drop down upon their territory,
  And seize, for a pledge, on a some.

Then there's that air Panama's Isthmus,
  We must there clear the transit, in course;
And, if not exactly this Christmas,
  Still, sooner or later, by force.
New-Granada, Nicaragua,
  Costa Rica, have all to pay
For damages done, more or fewer,
  And I 'spects we must whip Paraguay.

Pacific as is all our labors,
  I'm consarned for to mention how ill
Is the terms we are on with our neighbors,
  Pretty nigh the whole world but Brazil.
As a pattern of peace, cotton-spinners
  In the old country quote us; but now
I expect we're a caution to sinners,
  With a'most all the airth in a row.

A KENTUCKY PLANTER SELLING HIS DAUGHTER.

From The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal, Jan. 10.

A moving incident came to our knowledge last week, which we lay before our readers. We suppress names, for reasons obvious to every one.

Near Louisville, Ky., lives a planter of wealth and standing. He was the possessor of a hundred negroes, and he was noted for his thrifty, money-making disposition. He had never been married and was an incorrigible bachelor of fifty. His house was managed by a young lady of about twenty, his daughter by a quadroon, whose complexion was lighter by half than his, and in whom the negro blood was scarcely visible. The mother died ten years ago, leaving her daughter with her father's solemn promise that she should be educated and should live a free woman rather than as a slave, and that she should pass as his daughter, as she was. The planter gave this promise, because he had been really attached to the dying woman, and was greatly attached to her and his beautiful child. And so she grew up, radiantly beautiful, receiving a reasonable education, all that her father could give, and in time took the management of his household. She never knew that there was any negro blood in her veins, and never dreamed that she was a slave.

Last fall a series of misfortunes overtook the planter. His house was burned down and in it the notes, books and papers that composed a large portion of his fortune. His crops failed to a great degree, and some heavy speculations in which he was engaged resulted disastrously. Added to all this, he had lost heavily at play, the besetting sin of Southern gentlemen, and had completely exhausted all his ready means, and found himself in the terrible situation of having more money to pay than he could possibly raise in a given time.

He applied to his attorney for counsel in his extremity. The attorney, after examining the situation of his affairs, advised him to sell off a portion of his negroes. The planter objected strenuously—first, objecting to the sale of the negroes; and secondly, that his force was barely sufficient to work his plantation. But, after full deliberation, he found this to be the only alternative, and sorrowfully consented. A list was made out, and every head that could be possibly spared was put down. After all was done, and with the most favorable prices for them, the aggregate fell five thousand dollars short of the sum.

The attorney remarked quietly that he had not included all that could be spared.

"I have put down all I can dispense with," replied the planter.

"I do not see Mary the housekeeper's name in the list," replied the lawyer. "She, if offered to the right person, would make up the deficiency. I would give that for her myself."

At any other time the planter would have taken the suggestion as an insult; but necessity is a hard master, and he grasped at the idea, and before an hour the transaction was closed. It troubled him not a little to disclose the matter to her, but the fear of bankruptcy and ruin drove him to it. The poor girl's horror and distress may be imagined. She had known nothing but happiness, and now was to be plunged into the deepest and most hopeless misery. She had been sold, and was then the property, soul and body, of one who purchased her merely for the gratification of his lusts. The idea was too horrible, and she swooned, remaining almost delirious for several days.

There was another upon whom the intelligence came with crushing weight. A junior partner in a produce house in Louisville had frequently visited the planter's house on business, and, struck with the beauty and intelligence of the supposed daughter, had become enamored, and, after prosecuting his suit a proper time, had declared his passion, and, unknown to the father, the two had betrothed themselves. As soon as possible, after her father had told her her fate, she despatched a messenger to him, stating the facts, and imploring him to save her from the doom that awaited her. Though thunderstruck at the intelligence that his affianced bride was a slave, and had just been sold to a fate worse than death, like a true man he determined to rescue her. That night he saw her, and a plan was formed for flight.

The day she was transferred to the possession of her purchaser they fled, and in due time arrived at Cincinnati, where they were married. Our hero obtained an interview with one of the agents of the underground railroad located in that city, who immediately telegraphed instructions to the different agents along the line to keep strict watch, and if women-catchers were on the watch at any point to telegraph back, and give the fugitives timely notice, that they might leave the train. Accordingly they started, purchasing tickets for Crestline.

In the meantime the lawyer, as soon as he discovered his loss, had commenced active measures to recover it. He had no difficulty in tracing them to Cincinnati, and none whatever in ascertaining that their destination was Crestline. But having arrived several hours after their departure, he was obliged to content himself with telegraphing to Crestline to the proper officers to arrest them at that place. But, unfortunately for his prospects, the intended arrest got wind; and when the train reached Galion, two citizens of that place stepped into the car, and a conversation of a few moments ensued, in the lowest kind of whispers, at the close of which the four left the car. A carriage was in waiting, and in two hours the fair fugitive and her husband were domiciled in the house of one of our whole-souled farmers, near Bucyrus, who has long taken pleasure in helping fugitives on their way to the Canadian Canaan.

When the train on which they embarked reached Crestline, the officials were considerably chagrined at not finding the fugitives, and more so when they learned that she had been within four miles of them.

After a lapse of two weeks, they ventured a move, and went to Detroit, by way of Sandusky city, and without accident reached the Canadian shore. They are now residing in Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.

There are many colored men in different parts of the country engaged in raising money for the ostensible purpose of purchasing their own freedom or that of some of their relations. We have good reason for believing that in numerous instances such applications are fraudulent. It matters not what recommendations such persons may carry, nor what story they may tell—the general and inevitable conclusion forces itself upon us, that this whole species of begging, as commonly managed, is necessarily a futile, if not a dishonest, business. Our reasons are these:

1. These men have no access to the South, and cannot apply the money which they raise to the purposes for which they affect to raise it.

2. The slaveholders are not to be trusted. Their word is utterly unreliable, insomuch that if they promise to sell a slave, and actually get the money, they will not let the slave go. The slaveholders will not keep faith with the colored race.

3. Most of the men who collect large sums are not to be trusted with money; we have no guarantee that they would, if they could, give the money the direction for which it is collected.

4. Buying slaves in this way converts the North into a slave market—we are competitors with New Orleans. It is true we buy for better objects, but we alike encourage the slaveholding business. While the North will buy, the South will raise to sell.

5. Not one in fifty of those who thus perambulate the country to raise funds have any recommendations worthy of a moment's consideration. They have letters of some sort, from somebody, but whether forged or genuine, whether written for them or for others, is not known, and not likely to be in time to prevent the swindle.

6. Finally, the irresponsibility and dishonesty of those engaged in this description of beggary is drying up the fountain of benevolence, and disgusting the public to such an extent as must prove injurious to worthy individuals, and especially to that enterprising portion of the colored race among us who have had the moral courage to secure their freedom by flight. We have no confidence in this form of charity, as at present conducted, and sincerely hope it will be discontinued everywhere. In case a slave is to be purchased, let the business be committed to those who are known and reliable—let the money be deposited in the hands of responsible men, until a bargain is made with the slave-owner, and paid over only when free papers have been made out. By observing this precaution, we shall cut off a worse than useless expenditure.—*Northern Independent.*

MR. DOUGLAS.

We regret to learn that Senator Douglas has *not* emancipated his slaves. It has been generally known for years that his first wife left him a large number of slaves on a plantation in Louisiana; but last winter, when he was recognized as the champion of freedom in Kansas, it was understood that he had in some way broken his connection with the institution of slavery. This was a mistake; he still lives upon the unpaid labor of his fellow-men.

And Mr. Slidell, a Southern Democrat, says "the condition of his slaves is a disgrace to the owner. They are badly fed, badly clothed, and excessively overworked."*

In this view of the case we beg leave to take back every word we have ever said in favor of Mr. Douglas.

We particularly, especially, pointedly and personally repudiate him now and forever.

The man who claims to own his neighbor's wife, the right to take an infant from its mother's arms and sell it like a dumb beast, is no Democrat. He who would buy and sell one class of laborers would buy and sell any other class of laborers if he had the power.

Every man, no matter what his color, or in what country he was born, has a right to the proceeds of his own labor, to live with and protect his own wife and children; and he who denies to the poorest, the humblest or most ignorant these inalienable rights is a dangerous aristocrat, and has not one drop of democratic blood in his veins.

What are the kings, emperors and lordlings of Europe, who tax and oppress the laborers of their various lands, to compare to these petty lordlings who buy and sell working men, whip women and steal babies in our own land?

Is not the cry of the oppressed gone up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and will he not visit with his judgments the oppressor who sets his heel upon the neck of God's suffering poor? He who holds his fellow-man in bondage is an enemy to God and man, is unfit for any place of trust, for the confidence of any people.

We account *every* slaveholder as a dangerous enemy to his race, and feel as much bound to strike him the hardest blow in our power as we do to kill any snake that crosses our path. So, our Democratic friends who feel like adhering to the fortunes of Senator Douglas need not expect aid or comfort from us. We shall stick to the interests of free labor, free men, free soil, and continue to honor the men who work for their own living, and pay the laborer his hire. Those lordlings who must have slaves to work for and wait upon them we despise from the inmost depths of our soul, and always feel like spitting upon them wherever we meet.—*St. Cloud (Min.) Democrat.*

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*Mr. Slidell has denied that he said this, but there can be no doubt that Douglas's slaves fare hard enough.—*Ed. Standard.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

Those who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

New York State Anti-Slavery Convention.

The Third Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 31, February 1 and 2, 1859.

This Convention, held under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of annual recurrence, is important, not only for its local effect, but, through representatives in attendance, and members of the Legislature, is designed to reach all parts of the State. At no previous period since the commencement of the Anti-Slavery struggle has there been a more pressing need of united, earnest and untiring effort for the immediate and entire abolition of chattel slavery. While the great question, in some of its aspects, is now more widely and earnestly discussed than heretofore, it is also true that the aggregate number of slaves was never before so large, and never so rapidly increasing; that besides the revolting features of domestic slave-breeding, and the inter-State slave trade, the African slave trade is now virtually reöpened; that heroic fugitives may still be hunted, with impunity, and their friends persecuted, fined and imprisoned upon the soil of New York; that the schemes of slave propagandism, by those "in authority," were never more threatening, bold and defiant.

Let the friends of impartial liberty, throughout the State, spare no efforts to render this Convention, in character and influence, such as the exigencies of the cause demand. Give, if possible, your personal presence, your friendly counsel and coöperation. Let every County in the State be represented by one or more delegates.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Susan B. Anthony, Aaron M. Powell, and other speakers, will be in attendance.

The Convention will be held in Association Hall, the opening session on Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on Thursday and Friday, January 27th and 28th, commencing at half-past 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday. The members and friends of the old Pioneer Society will not fail, we trust, to be present in strength of numbers and zeal, and in the determination never to turn back from the cause of freedom, cost what it may, and come what may. The times both demand and encourage the boldest and most explicit testimonies from every enemy of slavery, and the most persevering efforts to effect its speedy and eternal overthrow.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

Robert F. Wallcut, *Rec. Sec.*

NOTICE.

This being the last number of The Standard to be issued previous to The National Anti-Slavery-Subscription Anniversary, the opportunity is taken to say that the Ladies, while superintending the evening arrangements, will be at the

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

Through the whole day, Jan. 26th, from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m., to receive subscriptions, the smallest as well as the greatest, from all who wish to make them, whether openly *or with reservation of their names;* which many, especially from the South, may, for obvious reasons, prefer.

THE SOIREE

will begin at *half past seven;* and in the intervals of music, conversation and addresses, there will also occur opportunities for subscription.

☞ Many distinguished and eloquent friends of the cause, having received special invitations, will, it is hoped, be present to address the company. Let no one who ought to have been especially invited suppose the omission intentional, but be so good as to rectify it by calling at the Music Hall during the day, or at the Anti-Slavery Office, or at Messrs. Phillips and Sampson's, 15 Winter st., previously, where invitations await all who desire them, which, to avoid delay at the door, they are requested *previously* to endorse with their names and address.

Tribute to Dr. Cheever.—At a recent social gathering of members of the Church of the Puritans and others sympathizing with them in their efforts to maintain the freedom of the pulpit, a purse of $1,000 was presented to the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, as a token of their appreciation of his labors and trials as a preacher of that sort of Christianity which refuses to make any compromise with oppression. Our pleasure in recording this fact is alloyed by the reflection that the man selected to make the speech of the evening was one whose whole influence has been exerted to counteract the distinctive principles of which Dr. Cheever is the representative and champion. We allude to the Rev. Dr. Thompson, chief editor of *The Independent,* whose course in regard to the Tract Society and the American Board stands in disgraceful contrast with the uncompromising utterances of Dr. Cheever.

A POET ON "MUD-SILLS."

When one considers that we are so far along in the world's history as a little past the middle of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian Era, within twenty years of the completion of the first hundred of this great American Republic, in the full fruition of an age when man has subjected to his will, and harnessed to do his work, all the elements in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, then it seems not improper to assume that there may be in morals some things which may be taken for granted. May not, for instance, the proposition that labor is honorable, and a badge neither of suffering or disgrace, be considered as one now beyond the province of logic? And when remembering what men have done who have come out of coal-pits and workshops, out of fields and forges, both for the intellectual and material condition of the age we live in, may we not recognize it as a thing to be asserted and not reasoned about that the laboring-man is not necessarily a "mud-sill," and need not, indeed must not, be looked upon, as such, with either pity or contempt? We seriously believe that there is nothing in such a statement that should startle anybody; and, though it may be something more of an innovation upon the established belief of, say, five hundred years ago, yet it is to be hoped that no very long process of thought is necessary to prepare the modern mind to accept this also as an established truth—that, all things considered, slavery is an absolutely bad condition for any human creature, and freedom an absolutely good one. Does the reader go along with us, or is he shocked?

We trust not shocked; for if he be, his own condition will probably be something pitiable before he gets to the end of even this brief article, for we are about to make some strictures in which we take it for granted that all these propositions are accepted as self-evident truths. When we wish to enter into an argument upon them, we shall seek a small, but select and fit, audience, in the American Tract House, where they are not yet fully persuaded in their minds whether Christianity has anything to do with any given abomination, provided it is practised by a sufficiently large and respectable body of people.

There lies before us, at this moment, a late number of *The Home Journal,* a paper published in this city, and edited by Messrs. N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, the one well known as a popular song-writer, the other as a popular poet—a distinction not without a difference. *The Journal* is eminently a family newspaper, and the sound judgment of its distinguished conductors has made it a sheet acceptable to a large class of readers, rather of the impassive order, who love it because it is impeccable for its innocuousness, insuperable for its respectability, imponderable for its opinions, immarcessible in the roseate hue of its pleasant smiles, and immaculate in type. What more could be said of a sheet that might be introduced without fear into the most mixed of companies, and read aloud in any family circle, in implicit confidence that it would no more raise a flush of indignation for some trenchant and rough handling of any question of ethics than it would a blush for any immodest violation of the amenities of polite society?

But for once *The Journal* has forgotten itself and stepped into the field of morals. Or possibly it has not forgotten itself, though it has stepped out of its usual flowery path all covered with lillies and daffadowndillies, into the narrow and thorny way. Neither of its conductors are young, and consequently are not green. They have lived long "in the world"; indeed, they have never lived anywhere else. They are not likely to make mistakes. They know what "the world" wants; and though there may be a seeming departure from their ordinary course, it may only be a new avenue to popular favor. So when the senior editor makes a journey to Virginia, it may be that he knows best what sort of a letter his readers would like to see from there, and whether the one he sends may be read aloud in the families where *The Journal* goes without raising a blush for him, or a flush against him. At any rate he sends home a letter from such a journey, and here it is before us, under his well-known signature.

It is the privilege of the poet to carry the spirit of poesy into the affairs of common life; it is also his habit, sometimes, of using there the other privilege of poetic license. Whichever Mr. "N. P. W." meant to do, he has chiefly succeeded in using the latter—with a perfect looseness. Probably most of the readers of The Standard get their own living. Are they at all aware what a dreadful thing that is to do? Probably not; for many of them, probably, have never been to Virginia, and even a man who knows so much and has seen so much as "N. P. W." did not discover, till he made this journey to that favored State and saw the negroes, what was the penalty of gaining a livelihood. But he has found out now, and printed it in that excellent family newspaper, *The Home Journal,* for which let us all be duly thankful. And let us spread the information. To get a living, then, is to be "haunted by the spectre of responsibility in want." Worse than this, it is "a smile-killer!" It is also "a dampener of spontaneousness of tongue and brain!" And as if that were not enough—as if one whose smiles were killed, one whose organ of speech, whose cerebrum and cerebellum, had the spontaneity all damped out of them, could have the heart to look up after that, and make any show of liveliness—this dreadful getting-a-living is "a spoiler of the general sunshine of human faces!" O friends! did you ever dream of this before? Did it ever occur to you that we were all going about in this ghastly condition of dampened spontaneity, converted, doubtless, at this sharp season, into a sort of hoar-frostiness of glacial voluntariness? You, unhappy man! who go daily to your bench, your forge, or your farm, did you know what a miserable time you are having of it? And you, unfortunate white and free person who hurry off every morning to your counting-room, your store, or your shop, where, though sometimes you may have notes to meet, you also sometimes count your gains, did you ever reflect what a terrible thing it is to gain a livelihood? You need not point to wife and children; you need not call up what you believe to be homes of comfort, of luxury, of peace; you need not hint that there is something noble in manly struggle; something sweet in toil for those we love; something grand in finding and doing a daily duty. All such reflections, O *miserabile!* are a delusion and a snare. Your smiles, if you ever have any, are ghastly and grim as smiles should be which are always at the point of death. Some of your vital organs are always in that moist condition already referred to, and no sunshine ever lights up your gloomy and sharpened features. Sad to think of. It is well to throw down the shovel or the hoe, the hammer or the yardstick, and give due reflection to such great truths. And, having considered them, and seeing that there is no help for it, inasmuch as livelihoods have to be gained, would it not be well if we all went out and soberly drowned ourselves?

No; for, after all, the poet has not left us without a remedy for all this wretchedness. We can all become "niggers"; or if not exactly "niggers," as that might have its difficulties, then slaves. No doubt the First Families would welcome us, or at least suffer us. Contrast, unhappy Northener, the two estates—that of the free white man and the enslaved black one. The "Southern negro" is "perseveringly polite." His smile is not "killed," but "easy and most submissively appealing." With him there is no "sulkiness," no "brooding over a hidden pain or sorrow." With him there is a "blessed consciousness that the cares of the day are no business of his." Go, then, my sulky free friend, at once, to Virginia, where you can smile easily and "submissively" for the rest of your life; where all the brooding over pain and sorrow will be done for you by your master; where you may live out your days in blessed unconsciousness of care for the welfare of those about you—especially the children whom a kind master will provide for the moment they are old enough to be reckoned in the harvest of what John Randolph used to call Virginia's *vigintial* crop. Let us hasten to Virginia! Willis is never coming back, and he is looking for a place on the next plantation for Morris. There is room for more, and the first come will be the best served. Who would remain in this unsunshiny condition of face, this chronic state of hydrocephalic spontaneity, the miserable consequences of getting one's own living, when they may be escaped by fleeing to that happy region where one may enjoy the blessed privilege of getting a living for somebody else, reckless of the price of a peck of corn per week, careless of the cost of two hickory shirts a year, and certain that the fear of want, or of heaviness of care, or of sorrow, never entered a cotton-field or a corn-patch, and never found their way into the hut of a slave!

THE FINANCIAL ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: In answer to the many inquiries constantly made of the friends of the cause, showing how much the public mind is interested respecting the Financial Anti-Slavery Festival, Soirée, Anniversary, Reception, Convention, Drawing-Room, Council, Conversazione, Commemoration, World's Convention—either of which it may be called, since it will, in its nature, be *all* these—will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to say that, *in all probability,* it will be held at the Music Hall, Boston, on WEDNESDAY, January 26th, day and evening.

That all our friends *everywhere* are requested to give the pleasure of their company;

That no entrance fee will be permitted, the only offerings to the cause desirable on this occasion being those, whether great or small, that free-will makes worthy of it;

That cards of invitation will be placed at the Anti-Slavery offices and at the Booksellers' shops for the convenience of the guests; and each card, previously inscribed with the name and address of the person presenting it, will insure a cordial reception;

That cloak-rooms will be arranged to save the guests the risk of remaining in their street dress in a warmed and lighted apartment;

That the *evening* invitations will be issued for half-past 7 o'clock; but the guests will be welcome at any moment during the evening, and a short visit gladly received if a long one is impossible on account of other engagements; (respecting the day-arrangements, further notice hereafter;)

That all who are prevented from being present in person, especially friends from the South, are entreated to accompany their subscriptions by a short letter, that may give information and encouragement to their Northern coadjutors in this great work of national progress and improvement;

That, while renewing the invitation to all, this occasion, as an opportunity for subscription merely, is *exclusively* commended to those who have never habitually subscribed elsewhere; to those who are just beginning to appreciate the importance of the cause that has done so much for their benefit, without their having, as yet, made a pecuniary contribution to promote it; to those whose political path it has lighted, till they feel the obligation *to feed the lamp;* to those who have hitherto contributed by purchase, and who are now relied upon to continue their aid by donation, in the assurance that half the sum they may have annually spent will be a clearer gain than the whole through the former circuitous channel.

M. W. C.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The majority of the slaveholders are not prepared, *at present,* to revive the foreign slave trade. Their objections, however, are not moral, but pecuniary and political. They see clearly enough that the prohibition of that trade *as a crime* is inconsistent with their doctrine that slavery is right, but they fear that its revival would disturb the foundations upon which slavery rests and alienate the North from the Union; and so they shrink from carrying out their principles to their logical results. But there is an active and persistent minority in favor of repealing the laws which prohibit the traffic; and standing, as it does, upon the only honest and legitimate Southern ground, viz., the absolute rightfulness of slavery as a system, and the consequent rightfulness of the traffic in slaves, whether foreign or domestic, it must eventually triumph. The subject was much agitated in the Legislature of South Carolina at its late session. The following resolutions were introduced by Mr. Hampton:

Resolved, That as the reopening of the African slave trade is impracticable, all agitation upon this subject is unwise, inexpedient and impolitic.

Resolved, That if it was practicable to reëstablish this trade, it should not be done; because it would be disastrous to the slaveholding States of the Confederacy, would institute a traffic which would necessarily involve cruel and inhuman practices, and would, by the introduction of barbarians from Africa, demoralize the slaves now owned in this country, and infect with evil influences the whole system of domestic slavery as now established and existing in the United States.

On the other side the following was introduced by Mr. Bryan:

Resolved, That the importation of African slaves was the origin of the institution of slavery in the United States, and that their importation now cannot be regarded by this General Assembly as injurious to the interests of the slaveholding States or of this State.

These conflicting resolves were finally laid over, to be considered at the next session. Before coming to this result, the parties gave utterance to their respective views. Mr. Marsh regretted that these resolutions had been presented at so late a day. He deprecated the agitation on this subject. He was opposed to reöpening the African slave trade. Dissolve the Union, and he would go for them. Mr. Hampton thought he was right in introducing his resolutions. The reason why he introduced them at this late day was that they should not be discussed this session, but that they should be placed in the journal, and go forth among the people, so that, when they meet the next session, they would know the sentiments of the people, and would be prepared to meet the question. Mr. Rhett thought that it was proper that the resolutions should be brought up now. The question will have to be met; and why shirk from it? He was opposed to Mr. Hampton's resolutions, and declared them to be untenable. The principal champion of "free trade in niggers"—to use the classic phraseology of the plantation—was Mr. Spratt, of Charleston, who, in the course of a long speech, thus depicted the exalting and refining influence of slavery in contrast with the anarchical and degrading tendencies of freedom:

"But from this source of evil the slave society is free; there can be no march of slaves upon the ranks of masters. They have no reachings to a higher sphere. There is no contest of classes for the same position; each is in its order balanced; and I have a perfect confidence that when France shall fall again into the delirium of liberty—when the peerage of England shall have yielded to the masses—when democracy at the North shall hold its carnival—when all that is pure and holy shall have been dragged down—when all that is low and vile shall have mounted to the surface—when woman shall have taken the places and habiliments of man, and man shall have taken the places and habiliments of woman—when free love unions and phalansteries shall pervade the land—when the sexes shall consort without the restraints of marriage, and when youths and maidens, drunk at noonday, and half naked, shall reel about the market places, the South will stand serene and erect as she stands now—the slaves will be restrained by power, the master by the trusts of a superior position—she will move on with a measured dignity of power and progress as conspicuous as it is now; and if there be a hope for the North—a hope that she will ever ride the waves of bottomless perdition that roll around her—it is in the fact that the South will stand by her and lend a helping hand to rescue and to save her."

We are not sufficiently presumptuous to attempt any reply to this "tremendous burst" of Palmetto logic and eloquence. Let it stand, without comment, as an illustration of slaveholding morals and statesmanship.

Humanity versus Bigotry.—Henry Ward Beecher, in defending himself against the narrow bigotry which charges him with responsibility for the theology of Theodore Parker because he consents to appear in a course of lectures instituted by the young men of Mr. Parker's congregation, has nobly vindicated and illustrated a principle which lies at the base of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and for which Abolitionists have fought many a stern battle—the principle of mutual coöperation, on a ground of common benevolence, of persons of every shade of religious belief, for the promotion of great humanitary enterprises. The American Anti-Slavery Society stood firmly upon this, its own constitutional and catholic basis, in 1840, when men whose love of freedom was overmastered by their love of sect made a desperate effort to put it on a narrower foundation, and, failing in the attempt, organized their enmity in a new association, long since ingloriously dead. Openly allied with the friends of slavery in the Church, they pleaded scruples of conscience as a reason for withdrawing from coöperation with earnest and self-sacrificing friends of the slave against whom the pro-slavery world had set up the false cry of "infidel." The Society, thus "in peril among false brethren," pursued the even tenor of its way, ever asking the coöperation of all, without distinction of sect or party, who loved the slave; and it stands on the same ground, making the same solicitation, to-day. If Mr. Beecher, differing from us upon the question of disunion, does not see his way clear to coöperate with the Society, we may at least be thankful for his eloquent vindication of the catholicity of our platform.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

The Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont lately enacted one, for which Abolitionists had earnestly petitioned. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large; but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining petitions. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter; and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Twenty-third Annual Fair was held in the large Saloon of Sansom Hall.

Receipts	$1,901 37
Payments	440 00
Balance	$1,461 37

The Committee, in reporting these results, would express their gratification in the continued and increased interest of the community in their labors, shown not only by the receipts, but by the numerous visitors who thronged the rooms, enjoying the opportunity of anti-slavery and social intercourse.

In addition to the Tables supplied by the city, there were others furnished with excellent and valuable articles from Newtown, Wakefield, Byberry, Bristol, Chester County, Mullica Hill, Camden, Abington and Upper Dublin.

Contributions of value were also received from Germantown, Conshohocken, Norristown, Lawrenceville, Warwick, Kimberton, Kennett, Christiana, Harrisburg, Milton, Buckingham, Fallsington, Staten Island and Boston.

The Committee had confidently hoped to receive in time for their sales contributions from Europe, which they had been advised, by letters from the friends of the cause, had been shipped thence in October. One box, only, arrived from Southampton, for which they return their grateful acknowledgments.

They also owe a grateful mention of the valuable contribution to their receipts from William Wells Brown, by his reading, for the benefit of the Fair, one of his descriptive Anti-Slavery Dramas.

The meetings held by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, in an adjoining saloon, added greatly to the interest and value of the occasion.

The results of these efforts encourage the continuance of this plan of labor as, at present, the best calculated to furnish funds to the treasury and increase the interest of the community in the anti-slavery cause.

On behalf of the Committee,
Sarah Pugh,
Anne Shoemaker,
Sarah L. Child.

Philadelphia, Jan., 1859.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

No subscribers for you this time. Can you not give me some hints on the methods of procuring them? In the West (we have been told) they are obtained by a sort of highwaymanship. Pistol in hand, the demand is made, "Your name and money, or your life"!

Some suggest that chloroform be administered. Indeed, I have proposed it to several myself—some of our own professed friends, who patronize Spiritual journals, the New York *Tribune,* and the like, but who cannot take *The Liberator* or Standard, or, at any rate, more than one of them.

Generally, however, they do not deem it safe to inhale chloroform; as the doctors all say, where there are *heart-difficulties,* "it might prove fatal." And as nothing can be clearer than that all such Abolitionists have *ossification* or *petrifaction* of that organ, I do not insist upon the inhalation; and so they escape the painful operation, and your subscription books are not illuminated with their names.

Sometimes I ask the Spiritualist how he can afford *The Tribune,* after all its misrepresentations and slanders of him and his Conventions, last year, at Utica and Rutland. I need not give his answers.

Still more pertinently, I ask the Abolitionist how he can, especially if he be of Republican tendencies, after such a proposal as this, recently issued, editorially and unblushingly, in its columns?

"We propose that the Republicans, as the larger section of the Opposition, be permitted to name one of their number for President, to be sustained by the entire Opposition, while the Americans and National Whigs propose the Vice-President. The ticket thus formed shall be supported by the entire Opposition, each party and each State making its own platform, and none being committed to any but his own doctrines or propositions, and the United Opposition to be designated 'Republican,' 'American,' 'Union,' 'People's party,' or whatever else its voters in any locality may choose."

"But suppose this fair and conciliatory proposition proves unacceptable, we suggest another which would be heartily acceptable to us, and which, if satisfactory to the other wing of the Opposition, we would heartily urge upon the acceptance of the Republican party, namely:

"Let the other wing of the Opposition name the President, conceding the Vice-President to the Republicans, with the single condition, agreed to on all hands, and proclaimed to the public, that *the Administration thus formed shall do all in its power to confine slavery within the limits of the existing slave States.*"

Now, Mr. Editor, I have to confess that persons on both sides the Atlantic, at my solicitation, have discontinued the New York *Herald* and subscribed for *The Tribune.* Should I not now ask pardon of the *Herald?* I shall not commit the sin again; nor have I, indeed, within more than two years.

And since this latest *demonstration* on the part of *The Tribune,* how can any Abolitionist, worthy the name, treat it other than he would the very worst enemy to the cause of Freedom?

The present is a most serious moment to our enterprise. Washington once said, in an evening of the extremest danger to the revolutionary cause, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night!" We should imitate a caution so significant, and patronize no paper or power that is equivocal or wandering on the great questions of absolute and universal right. We must be bigots, downright, when liberality is compromise with crime.

We bowed respectfully, if not approvingly, to the Buffalo platform, until it drew away our subscribers by hundreds, and our contributions by thousands. The Fremont campaign also did us harm, not yet repaired, and partly through our own fault.

And now, in the name of Justice and Reason, as well as Freedom and Humanity, shall the New York *Tribune* have even our silent approval, or our patronage, after this latest and most atrocious proposition to unite the political forces of the nation on a platform which, *at a time like this,* may place at its head the very vilest slave-breeder that Virginia or Kentucky has ever produced?

Parker Pillsbury.

Concord, N. H., January 15, 1859.

Revolution in Hayti.—A serious revolution appears to have broken out in Hayti. It is headed by Gen. Geffrard, late a member of the Emperor's staff, and is supported by those who wish to overthrow Soulouque and establish a Republican form of government. Gen Geffrard has taken Gonaives, and on Thursday, Dec. 23, the republic was publicly proclaimed in the grand square, and Geffrard named Provisional President, which office he accepted. Governor Bartholomew gave in his submission, and, after a grand solemnization by the Church, the new Constitution was signed by the late authorities of the principal cities. The forces of Geffrard were augmented by citizens of Gonaives, and the fortified town of St. Marcs was taken possession of without opposition. Here they were to remain and recruit until they were strong enough to meet the forces of Soulouque in the field or assail him at Port-au-Prince. The insurrection was spreading north and south. Various decrees had been issued, one of which revives and puts in force the Constitution of 1846, and provides for the calling of a Legislature by President Geffrard. Decrees had also been promulgated releasing all political prisoners, increasing the rations of soldiers, and ordering the destruction of the Fort of Gonaives. A decree had also been issued headed, "The Republic of Hayti," in the name of the nation, depriving Soulouque of all power. It also characterizes his administration as nothing but a series of robberies.

Of Geffrard's chances of ultimate success we are unable as yet to judge.

NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

There are some who think it is a fault that many anti-slavery speakers and writers fall into in assuming that the State of Massachusetts is more anti-slavery than some others—New York, Michigan or Wisconsin. Not to go back to John Jay, New York in 1840, through her Governor, took very strong anti-slavery ground, and from that time to the date of the Republican party the anti-slavery wing of the Whig party was always in the ascendancy. In New York, the Whigs clung to Seward, Greeley and Weed, and ostracised Fillmore, Granger and Brooks. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, the Whigs sustained Everett, Winthrop and Choate, and banished Wilson, Allen and Adams—reversing the matter. It was not until quite recently that the latter kind of men came into power in Massachusetts, while men of their type have almost always been in power in New York whenever the Whig party has triumphed. Even the Democratic party of New York has had anti-slavery convictions. It was always loyal in Massachusetts. The Republican party was born *earlier* in New York than in Massachusetts. Besides, its pedigree is purer. Not a drop of Know-Nothing blood flows in its veins. Its leaders base it on Anti-Slavery, pure and simple.

Take the newspapers of the two States as another illustration. The leading daily papers of Boston never were anti-slavery like *The Tribune* and *Evening Post,* not even equal to *The Times* previous to a year ago. The daily papers of Springfield, Lowell, Salem, &c., ever have been and are far less anti-slavery than those like the *Albany Journal, Utica Journal, Syracuse Journal, Oswego Times, &c.*

The recent election of officers by the Legislatures of the two States would bear the same comparison. The laws of New York, the judgments of her Courts and her leading institutions will not suffer in this test. In Massachusetts, Burns was sent back to slavery; in New York, Jerry was rescued, and the bondsmen of Jerry's rescuers were men high in office and influence in New York. We might go on still further. It is in no captious or unfriendly spirit, however, that we thus allude to this matter, but merely to remind public speakers and newspapers, from the East especially, that it is not always pleasant to New Yorkers and others to be spoken to in a patronizing way of their anti-slavery progress, their position, their acts and their men. It may be said that we have judged the two States only by their politics. We take this view because it is here that public sentiment finds an organized and tangible expression. We shall rejoice, always, to see a friendly and spirited rivalry among all the Northern States in a contest for the reputation of a sound and earnest anti-slavery character. We think New York, fairly judged, has more of it than she generally gets credit for.

Vindex.

TRACTS ON TOBACCO.

The Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., has labored earnestly, and not without a good degree of success, for several years past, to expose the pernicious effects of smoking, chewing and snuffing tobacco. He has prepared the following series of cheap tracts, which may be obtained on application to him by mail. We wish they could be circulated in every neighborhood in the land, for the evil they expose and denounce is wide-spread and appalling.

Tracts in the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, Fitchburg, Mass.

1. Is the common use of Tobacco a Sin? Addressed to Clergymen.
2. Amount and cost of Tobacco to Church and State.
3. The Christian a Slave to Tobacco.
4. Rum and Tobacco; Twin Demons! Addressed to Sons of Temperance and others.
5. An Epistle from Dr. Ziba Sproule to Ladies of the Upper ten thousand and the millions below, &c.
6. An appeal to young Men on Tobacco using; by Dr. Coles.
7. A word in defence of the "Weed."
8. An appeal to a smoking Divine.
9. An Appeal of Ladies to Railroad Corporations. Tobacco! Silks! Satins! &c., &c.
10. A Reply to a Lawyer, who asks, "How shall I drop Tobacco and not suffer death?"
11. A Circular. All sorts of things against the Nuisance.
12. A Christian selling Tobacco.
13. A word to Wives, Mothers and Sisters, on the evils of Tobacco.
14. To the Christian Professor who raises Tobacco! who asks, "is it a sin?"
15. A Sermon on the pernicious effects of Tobacco on Body—Mind—and Heart.
16. The College Student and Tobacco. The chief reason stated why he should drop it.
17. Tobacco an obstacle to Revivals and the conversion of the World.
18. A Dialogue between Uncle Toby and a street Smoker.
19. The Zoological Convention; by Dr. Hitchcock.
20. The Rev. Solomon Spittle; strikingly illustrated by Pictures.
21. Uncle Toby's advice to his nephew Billy Bruce.
22. Temperance Pledges on handsome Cards, for Sabbath Schools, Bands of Hope, &c.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, who was so severely injured by a ruffian's blow in the dark, is rapidly recovering.

Horace Greeley has published a card to contradict the report that he is about to withdraw from *The Tribune.* He says, "I never for one moment cherished such a purpose nor harbored such a thought."

Hon. William Slade, formerly member of Congress from Vermont, subsequently Governor of the State, and for some years past Secretary of the National Board of Popular Education, died, at his residence in Middlebury, on Sunday last.

It was not Mr. I. D. Shadd, but his father, Mr. Abraham D. Shadd, who was lately elected Councillor in Raleigh township, Canada West. He was the candidate of the *Conservative* party—i. e., of the party opposed to the *Americanization* of Canada.

Our (*Tribune's*) Boston correspondent writes, Jan 17: Dr. Jackson, Dr. Cabot and Dr. Bowditch have to-day held a consultation upon Theodore Parker's case, and have come to the conclusion that his disease is pulmonary consumption. He will sail very soon for one of the West India islands, probably Barbadoes, with the hope that time and relaxation from labor may work a cure. His society will probably take a smaller hall, and continue their organization and Sunday services.

William J. Watkins, a colored man known to many of our readers, lately delivered an eloquent anti-slavery discourse in the Assembly chamber at Albany. He made a strong argument in favor of abolishing the negro property qualification from the Constitution of this State. The chamber was well filled.

Madame Mario addressed the pupils of Theodore Weld's "Eagleswood School," a few days since, upon the question of Italian Freedom. At the close of her discourse a collection amounting to $112 was taken up among the boys and girls to be remitted to London for the benefit of Mazzini's school. The revolutionist has gathered up from the streets about 250 organ-grinding, image-vending Italian lads, and is striving to educate them into good men and patriots.

Phineas T. Barnum, the great American showman, is lecturing in England upon "Money Making." The London *Times* says he is "one of the most entertaining lecturers that ever addressed an audience on a theme universally intelligible." "He has at command a fund of dry humor that convulses everybody with laughter, while he himself remains perfectly serious. A sonorous voice and an admirably clear delivery complete his qualifications as a lecturer, in which capacity he is no 'humbug,' either in the higher or the lower sense of the word."

Judson J. Hutchinson committed suicide by hanging. The circumstances leave no room for doubt that he was insane. We are sorry to see in the *Evening Post* and some other papers remarks calculated to give pain, not alone to his relatives, but to all those who, knowing him intimately and appreciating his fine genius, saw through an atmosphere of love the idiosyncracies that may sometimes have offended the taste of persons who knew him only in his public relations. His memory will be ever precious to those who had the best means of forming a judgment of his character. Abolitionists, certainly, will not be so ungrateful as to forget his noble persistency, in the face of public ridicule and denunciation, in employing his rare musical gifts for the benefit of the oppressed. If we may not claim for him, and for the band of which he was "the bright particular star," the applause due to those who interpret for us the works of the great masters of song, we may at least claim that their simple harmonies, which gave exquisite pleasure to thousands, not only in this but in foreign lands, were all consecrated to the service of freedom.

Proceedings of Congress.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the Senate, Jan. 12, a message was received from the President (in reply to Mr. Seward's resolution), stating that the Wanderer had landed a cargo of Africans; also, that every effort is being made to bring the guilty parties to justice, but that it is not expedient now to make public the correspondence on the subject.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—THE UNION.

The Pacific Railroad project was discussed by Green of Mo., Brown of Miss., Bigler, Houston and others. Gen. Houston reiterated the old platitudes about sectionalism, the sacredness of the Union, &c.

Mr. Iverson of Ga. alluded to his recent speech, and said he had no desire to dissolve a Union that would promote the interests of all sections alike; but a Union administered on a sectional basis by the demon of abolitionism, he would crush into atoms and trample on as the veriest reptile. Mr. Iverson proceeded in a tone of severity on Mr. Houston, saying that he (Iverson) never heard a Union speech from a Southern man without a suspicion that it related to the Presidency; also that Texas had placed Mr. Houston in retirement on account of the intensity of feeling exhibited by him in favor of the Union at the sacrifice of his own section, and that he (Iverson) was glad of it.

Mr. Doolittle asked Mr. Iverson if he could name any prominent man of the Republican party who proposes to put down slavery by the action of the Federal Government.

Mr. Iverson replied that he knew that prominent politicians at the North disclaim such an intention, but *he looked upon that as a fraud and a pretence.* He looked to their acts. He referred to the Rochester speech, and said Mr. Seward had too much good sense to believe what he said, that the South would insist on establishing slavery in the North. That was all humbug. He (Iverson) believed, as he did in his own existence, *that it is the settled design of the Northern States to break down slavery in the Southern States.*

SPEECH OF MR. GIDDINGS.

In the House, on the 12th, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Giddings made an able speech in support of the Republican platform, giving a brief history of the anti-slavery agitation in Congress from the time when he first took a seat in that body, and of the part he had taken in such agitation. [The concluding portion of this speech will be found in another column.] He spoke with strong emotion of the late John Quincy Adams, and of the relations of confidence and coöperation that had subsisted between "the old man eloquent" and himself, contrasting his patriotism with the mercenary spirit of the Slave Power and its tool, the sham Democracy. Mr. Giddings said:

"It is due to the truth of history to say that other members sympathized with Mr. Adams, and assisted him in these efforts, in a greater or less degree, according to the interest which they felt in the subject. Among those most active were Hon. William Slade of Vermont, Hon. Seth M. Gates of New York, and, at a later period, Hons. John P. Hale and Amos Tuck of New Hampshire, and John G. Palfrey of Massachusetts. Indeed, I shall not soon forget the expression of the aged patriot when his learned colleague (Mr. Palfrey) closed his first able speech in favor of human rights. The countenance of the 'old man eloquent,' seemed radiant with hope, as he exclaimed, 'thank God, the seal is broken; the seal is broken; Massachusetts is no longer silent.' The lovers of liberty in this body saw at that period most clearly that men holding the doctrine of the republican fathers would never seek to wield the power of Congress, or of the Federal Government, to enslave mankind, or to deprive them of those rights with which the God of nature had endowed them. They well understood that the real issue was based upon primal truths, although Southern men would not, nay, dared not, acknowledge it. Mr. Adams labored through life to bring out the real facts to the public view. It was his ruling principle which exhibited itself *strong in death.* I visited him while prostrate upon what was then supposed his death-bed. In the silent chamber, I sat beside the dying patriot. His lamp of life seemed flickering in its socket. His voice was feeble, but his words were earnest. I told him that his physician feared to have him converse upon any subject likely to excite emotion. Looking me full in the face, said he, 'I am *on the verge of eternity;* I shall never meet you again in this world; I must talk'; and he proceeded to say that he had no hope for the perpetuity of our government, or for the liberty of our people, except that which was based upon its return to the doctrines on which it had been originally founded; and he exhorted me to exert whatever influence I could for the attainment of that object. He subsequently lingered awhile between this and the spirit-world, until the kind angel whispered his release to a higher sphere."

In another place he gives us this instructive passage of history:

"I had assisted in trying the experiment of uniting men of conflicting principles for the purpose of carrying the election of 1840, and driving the Democratic party from power. I labored earnestly for the election of Harrison and Tyler, believing that if we succeeded, we should, among other reforms, regain the freedom of debate in this body. After the result was known, and while the President elect was on his way to this city, I made an effort to speak on the subject of slavery. I was met at every step by slaveholders and by gag-rules, but I succeeded. My friends regarded my effort as successful; as an achievement. But the President, whom I assisted to elect, expressed his abhorrence of all attempts to agitate the question of human rights; and when, after his arrival, I called at his quarters to pay him the customary respect, he gave me such unequivocal evidence of his indignation that I was constrained to surrender my own self-respect or to withhold all further manifestations of respect for him. While he lived, his influence was exerted in favor of the gag-rules—in favor of slavery; and the next year I was publicly censured, and driven from my seat in this body, for avowing doctrines which no slaveholder dare deny; but they united with Northern serviles to censure me for uttering truths on which no men of reputation presumed to take issue. This occurred under a Whig administration, for whose election I had labored most earnestly; and by a House, a large majority of whose members belonged to the party with whom I had always acted. These facts illustrate the fallacy of uniting conflicting elements merely to carry an election. They show that when the Executive thus elected assumes any definite policy, the party at once dissolves into its original elements, and the various factions turn their weapons against each other. The disbandment of the Whig party in 1841 left no remaining doubt on the minds of independent thinking men that a political party, to become permanent, must base its organization upon immutable truth; and the failure of President Tyler to carry out the views of the party who elected him constituted an important step towards the development of our present issues."

CRACK OF A SLAVE-DRIVER'S WHIP.

Mr. Bowie, of Maryland, followed Mr. Giddings, and in the course of his speech used the following language of exultation and defiance in view of the power of the slaveholders, under the Constitution, to subdue and humble the North.

"In respect to the operation of the Fugitive Slave law, should you Abolitionists refuse to carry out its provisions, as was once done in Boston, we shall have the power of the Constitution on our side; and we shall have, besides this, the pleasure of pointing the guns of the Federal Government against the enemies of constitutional freedom. I fear that among the first who will fall in that fearful struggle will be the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Washburn] (great laughter). That is, if he stands up to the rack, fodder or no fodder (renewed laughter). Oh! what a great thing it is to have the flag of our country flying over our heads when we are fighting for the preservation of our rights! Sir, if dismemberment is to come, let it come. But let it come from the North. The South will have none of it. We will stand by the Constitution, and we mean to make you Abolitionists, by the power of the Federal guns, if need be, stand by it also. We will have all our forts, all the Army and Navy, which belong to the Constitution, kept in readiness for you, and for any occasion of disaster to our constitutional rights. We will—this government will—enforce the Fugitive Slave law, even though it be at the point of the bayonet. We will put troops in the Court-house, as Pierce did in Boston. We will put them wherever they are necessary; and we will execute the laws, let them be violated in Georgia or in Massachusetts, in Maryland or in Virginia, North or South."

SEWARD'S BILL AGAINST THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Seward introduced the following bill:

An Act in addition to the acts which prohibit the slave trade.

Be it enacted, &c: That in addition to the armed vessels now employed in the service of the United States, the President be, and he is hereby, authorized to engage any number not exceeding ten steam vessels, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and to cause them to be manned, armed and equipped, and to be employed to cruise on any of the coasts of the United States or Territories thereof, on the coast of Cuba or coast of Africa, or elsewhere, where he may judge attempts may be made to carry on a slave trade by citizens or residents of the United States, in contravention of the acts of Congress prohibiting the same; and the said steam vessels shall be deemed for the time being to belong to the Navy, and shall be commanded by officers of the Navy, and shall be employed with the same powers and for the same duties, and subject to the same directions, as the armed vessels of the Navy, under the act entitled an act, in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade, approved March 3, 1819; and the officers and men employed therein shall be entitled to have, in like cases, the same prize-moneys and bounties as are by law allowed to the officers and men belonging to the Navy and employed under the act last mentioned.

Section 2 enacts, &c., that the bounty authorized by the third section of said act to be paid in certain cases shall, instead of $25, be $500, payable on the same conditions and in the manner as mentioned in said act.

Section 3 enacts that when any citizen or other person shall lodge information with the Attorney of a District, or of any State or Territory, as the case may be, that any negro, mulatto or person of color has been imported therein contrary to the provisions in such case made and provided, or, having been so imported into any other district, shall be brought into such district, it shall be the duty of said Attorney forthwith to sue out and obtain from the Judge of the Circuit Court a warrant authorizing and directing the Marshal to find and bring before the Judge or Commissioner such negro, mulatto or other person of color, wherever he may be found, together with the person in whose custody he may be, or who may have detained him under any claim or pretence whatever; and such Judge or Commissioner shall examine the matter immediately upon the return of said warrant; and if it shall be ascertained by him that such negro, mulatto or other person of color has been brought in contrary to the true intent and meaning of the acts in such case made and provided, then such Judge or Commissioner shall direct the Marshal of said district to take such negro, mulatto or other person of color into his custody for safe-keeping, subject to the order of the President of the United States; and the informer who shall have lodged the information shall be entitled to receive, over and above the portion of the penalties accruing to him by the provisions in the acts in such case made and provided, a bounty of $250 for each and every negro, mulatto, or person of color who shall have been delivered into the custody of the Marshal; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and required to pay, or cause to be paid, the aforesaid bounty upon the certificate of the Clerk of the Court for the District where the proceedings may have been had, with the seal of the officer thereto annexed, stating the number of negroes, mulattoes, or persons of color, so delivered; and it shall further be the duty of said Judge or Commissioner, on finding the probable cause, to commit into custody the person in whose custody such negroes, mulattoes or persons of color were found, for trial according to law—provided that any person aggrieved may appeal to the Circuit Court from such order directing the delivery of such negro, mulatto, or person of color, on executing a bond to the United States in the penalty of $3,000, with sureties, to be approved by the Judge or Commissioner, for each of such negroes, mulattoes or persons of color, conditional to return them to the Marshal with all the costs, if such appeal shall be determined against him; and such appeal shall be tried by a Jury, if either party shall so require.

Section 4 enacts that it shall be lawful for any Legislature of any State to pass laws prohibiting the foreign or African slave trade within its limits, and to declare and enforce such penalties, forfeitures and punishments therefor as it shall deem expedient; provided that such laws shall be compatible with the Constitution of the United States, and do not in any way defeat, modify or counteract the laws of the United States.

Section 5 enacts that no vessel shall hereafter sail or depart from any port or place within the United States, for any place or port of the coast of Africa, until after her master or owner shall have given due notice of his intended voyage to the District-Attorney of the United States for the District; and thereupon said Attorney shall cause due search and examination to be made of said vessel, to be continued until her actual departure, to ascertain whether she is designed directly or indirectly to be engaged in the African slave trade. Every vessel clearing or fitted out, or departing or attempting to depart, from the United States, in violation of this act, shall be forfeited, with her equipments, stores, etc., to the United States; nor shall any vessel belonging to any citizen or resident of the United States on any pretext depart from any foreign port or country to the Coast of Africa, where said vessel shall have been sold after her departure from the United States, without first returning to the United States and being duly registered anew in some part of the United States.

Section 6 enacts that the Secretary of the Treasury have power to designate such ports and places on the Coast of Africa as ships and vessels belonging in whole or part to the citizens or residents of the United States may visit for the purposes of trade and other communication, and such vessels shall visit such ports and places and no other; and at every such port and place there shall be a Consul of the United States, and it shall be his right and duty to go on board every such vessel arriving there, and examine the same; and if he shall find her engaged, prepared, or intended to be engaged in the slave trade, or if the commander shall neglect or refuse to submit the vessel to such inspection, it shall be the duty of the Consul to publish such vessel as engaged in a contraband trade, and such vessel, officers and crew shall lose and forfeit all claim to any protection by the United States in all cases whatever.

Section 7 enacts that all laws heretofore passed which are inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Section 8 enacts that a million of dollars, or so much thereof as is necessery, is hereby appropriated to secure the execution of this act.

Referred to the Committe on Judiciary.

MR. GIDDINGS AGITATING AGAIN.

On Saturday, the bill for the codification of the revenue laws being under consideration in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Giddings called the attention of the House to a section adapted and intended to faciliate the coastwise slave trade. This section he proposed to amend. In a speech of some length he denounced the traffic in human flesh as a crime, and charged the Democratic party with supporting it. His address was prolonged by a colloquy between himself and Messrs. Smith of Va. and Cox of Ohio, a part of which we may perhaps publish next week.

OREGON AND KANSAS.

The majority and minority reports of the House Committee on the Oregon bill were presented on Tuesday; that of the minority opposing the admission of Oregon to the Union at present, unless the restriction in regard to the admision of Kansas shall be removed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The New American Cyclopædia. Vol. IV. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. New York: Appleton & Co.

This volume embraces more than two thousand articles, alphabetically arranged, from *Brownson* to *Chartres.* It would be easy, of course, upon a critical examination of more than seven hundred imperial octavo pages, filled with such a variety of matter, compiled by so many hands from such a multiplicity of sources, to point out here and there an erroneous statement or mark some slight departure from the canons of good taste; but we think it would be difficult to find any evidence that the editors have not discharged their duty faithfully, diligently and impartially, with an honest intent to make the best Cyclopædia in the language. There must, of course, be great differences of opinion, even among persons of the greatest candor and impartiality, as to the relative importance of the subjects treated in such a work; and especially will there be such differences in respect to the space that should be devoted to sketches of living persons. In relation to such matters there is not and cannot be any absolute standard, and therefore the critic has no ground for surprise, still less for complaint, if some person or subject, deemed by him important, receives little attention, while others, in which he feels less interest, occupy a larger space. Among the eminent persons, living and dead, of whom we have sketches in this volume, are the following: Orestes A. Brownson, William Cullen Bryant, James Buchanan, Henry Thomas Buckle, J. T. Buckingham, Bulwer, Bunsen, Bunyan, Bishop Burgess, Robert Burns, Horace Bushnell, William Allen Butler, Byron, Alice and Phœbe Carey, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, Cavaignac, William Ellery Channing, William Henry Channing, E. H. Chapin, Sir Francis Chantrey. Of geographical, statistical and scientific articles the number is very large. Some of the most important of these are quite elaborate, evincing careful and pains-taking research.

Littell's Living Age, No. 764, opens with an article upon "Shipwrecks," from the London *Quarterly.* "Hector Garret of Otter" is continued. The sketch of Dr. Delany is interesting. The poetical selections are excellent. Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

POLITICS.

The Hon. Willard Saulsbury, of Sussex, has been chosen U. S. Senator for Delaware by the slave Democracy.

The Republicans of Connecticut have nominated for reëlection the present board of State officers. The contest with the Democracy will probably be very close.

The Democrats of New Hampshire hope to carry that State, in the election to be held in March, by placing themselves on the Douglas platform, in virtual antagonism to the Administration. The Republicans have nominated for Governor Hon. Ichabod Goodwin, of Portsmouth, formerly a Whig.

Postage.—The Senate Committee on the Post-Office has agreed to report in favor of raising the rate of letter postage to 5 cents. Whatever the Senate may do, we don't believe the measure can be carried through the House.

The Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden is entitled to our thanks for *The Congressional Globe and Appendix,* in four volumes, embracing the full proceedings of the Thirty-fifth Congress, First Session, from Dec. 1, 1857, to June 16, 1858.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLI.

The Argument.—The Correspondent on the resuscitation of States—Of Governors—And their memories—Of financial phlebotomy—He proposes a new Sainthood—Telleth of Senator Wilson's re-election—He rejoiceth, moralizeth and distinguisheth—He commendeth General Cushing—And why—He giveth the Natural History of Massachusetts Officeholding—He describeth Old Kuhn—He voucheth not for his ghostly game of All Fours—Sergeant Stevens and his dismission—The race of thermometers—Mr. Parker's health, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, Jan. 17th, 1859.

We have done a good deal of winter work here, since I wished you a Happy New Year the other day. The State Government having died a natural death ten days ago, we have resuscitated it, breathed the breath of life into it again and set it on its legs for another twelvemonth. It is a blessed arrangement of Providence—like that which has ordained that great rivers should always run near great cities—that mankind is never left without beneficent and self-denying men willing to undertake the direction and control of its affairs. We have something near three hundred, of all sorts, collected in our State House to see to it that we do not suffer for lack of laws enough. Among other articles of State furniture we made Gov. Banks over again, and that "so lamely," if not so "*unfashionably,*" that we left out his memory. In consequence of this unlucky omission, he as entirely forgot that slavery existed, or had anything to do with our National affairs, or that the slave trade had been reöpened, or the design of stealing Cuba and Central America and as much of Mexico as we can swallow just now, as if he had been Governor Everett instead of Governor Banks. Excepting that the part of Hamlet was omitted (whether "by particular desire," or not, I cannot say), there was no fault to be found with his performance at the opening of the season. He seems bent on reducing the expenses of the State and cutting off the supplies of the sons of the horse-leech (for I see no reason why horse-leeches should not have sons as well as daughters), whose cry of give! give! has been growing more and more clamorous from year to year. He certainly will have the best wishes of all who yearly *bleed* for their country, unless it be by some survivors of the class of the public-spirited citizen of whom it was recorded in his Obituary that "he loved to pay his taxes!" That man ought to be canonzied and his name placed high in the Kalendars of all nations.

Then Henry Wilson has been elected for the next Senatorial term of six years, from the next fourth of March. This is a new proof of the mutability of human affairs, and especially of political ones. Who would have believed ten years ago, when General Taylor had just been elected President, and Whiggery was triumphant in the nation and rampant in Massachusetts, with Mr. Webster and some other great Whig, I forget whom, in the Senate, that the then jubilant party would so soon be ground to powder and given to the winds, and that in six little years Henry Wilson, who gave the first blow to the National organization, by his *bolt* in the Philadelphia Convention, would be sitting in Webster's seat, and in ten reëlected to it by a greater majority than Webster ever had, by a Legislature elected for that specific purpose? Four years ago, when he was elected to fill an unexpired term of somebody—Mr. Everett, I believe—he had but just votes enough for the purpose, without one to spare. This, I think, we must accept as a sign of the gradual leavening of the general mind with anti-slavery ideas. For there can be no doubt that it is the manly and courageous stand Mr. Wilson has taken against the slaveholders in the Senate, and not his shortcomings which have given just displeasure to true Abolitionists, that has given him the strong hold he has got upon the affections of the people of Massachusetts. It is another notch in that Nilometer you told of in your last week's leader, to show how high the tide has risen, to the strength of which only we have to look for the cleansing of the land from slavery. Perhaps some dear friends of mine will take me to task for being glad of Mr. Wilson's election; but I think I am always safe in rejoicing at anything that gives vexation and rage to the enemy. It is not an anti-slavery *fact,* but it is an anti-slavery symptom, and I can't help thinking it a good one.

In spite of the silence of Gov. Banks as to slavery and matters thereunto appertaining, it seems to have been impossible to keep that pestilent subject from intruding itself upon the repose of the Commonwealth and its concentrated Wisdom. In the first place came a Memorial, emanating from the Convention of Colored Men held at New Bedford some months since, asking the Legislature to take proper action to maintain their rights attacked by the Dred Scott decision. This gave General Cushing, the gallant leader of the Democratic forlorn-hope, an opportunity of signalizing his intrepidity by breaking a lance in behalf of his peerless Dulcinea against a whole army of the aliens. He made, on this occasion, the first of that succession of speeches which will be uttered in the Boston State House, but the echo of which he doubtless hopes to hear reverberating from the walls that will contain the Charleston Convention of 1860. He could not have had a better opportunity to address his constituents, I don't mean of the little mouldy town of Newburyport, but of Georgia and Carolina, than this, inasmuch as it permitted him to propose the universal application of the slaveholding mode of cookery to anti-slavery petitions. He did not oppose the Right of Petition, not by any means; only, he maintained the right of the House to say whether the petitions should be received or not. This, however, did not suit the notions of the House, and it sustained the Speaker by a vast majority, when Gen. Cushing appealed from his decision that all petitions must be received! Of course, he could have anticipated no other result, but it gave him the opportunity he wanted of again showing that, according to his calculations, the South Carolina rule, like the Almanac, though calculated for the latitude of Washington, will *do* for any part of New England. Mr. Wells, of Greenfield, did himself much honor by the spirit and ability with which he encountered and floored the supple and agile champion of the slaveholders' gag-rule. On Saturday another opportunity was given for the ventilation of National patriotism by the presentation of the first petition for the protection of persons claimed as slaves on Massachusetts soil. It was received and referred, however, without much debate, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed up by a host of impertinences of the same description.

We must be an old-fashioned set in the Bay State—as old-fashioned as poor little Paul Dombey—or we should not have kept one Sergeant-at-Arms in office for a quarter of a century or so. We are gradually coming round to the excellent modern doctrine that offices are the prizes which are put into the wheel of the lottery of politics, to induce people to adventure in it. The old notion was that offices were held for the good of the public; and as long as a man answered that end, he was kept in, without regard to his political opinions. Old Kuhn I well remember as the Sergeant-at-Arms when I first peeped over the ledge of the Gallery of the Hall of the House, and he was the terror of all little boys who intruded themselves into any of the sacred portions of the Hall. Well, he had been Sergeant-at-Arms certainly since 1789, and I believe since 1780, and "the grim Sergeant Death" was all that interfered with his holding on to this day. He was a very queer, dried up, little old gentleman, who made a deep impression on the mind of the generation that was youthful thirty years ago. I remember there was a story, when Governor Eustis was lying in State in the Council Chamber, the night before his funeral, that one of the Cadets who formed the guard of honor peeped through the keyhole and saw His Excellency sitting up in his coffin, playing All Fours with Old Kuhn. I do not vouch for the fact, but he looked just the man for such a night's amusement. I am not sure whether Mr. Benjamin Stevens, who has just been ousted, was his immediate successor or not; but, at any rate, he has kept the peace in the State House for about five-and-twenty years, and I believe has done it very well. I do remember me that we suspected him of colloguing with the pro-slavery part of the House to deprive us of our long-accustomed night's use of the Hall at the time of the Annual Meeting, on the ground that it was too clean to be used. But, perhaps, it wasn't true, or, if true, it has been now expiated, for he has been voted out of his place. But we couldn't do this even in the hard-hearted way usual elsewhere, and resolutions of thanks were embodied and passed, and one proposing to give him the use of the house belonging to the State, and the occupation of which is part of his perquisites, for the rest of the year. I am not sure whether this resolve passed or not, however.

I see you have had some cold weather in your parts, as well as we. I see some of your papers say that it was colder on Tuesday than it had been for seventy years. Can this be so? If there be authentic records of the conduct of thermometers, which state that such is the fact, I will yield the point; but, it seems to me that we have had as cold days and nights several times within that period. However, it was cold enough to satisfy the coldest heart, and we may rejoice together that it was as short as sharp. It was a good night for racing thermometers and some that I know made very good time. Several in my neighborhood ran down to 16°, 18° and 20°; but these were uncommonly smart ones. My own I could not coax to get beyond 10°; but then I was careful not to disturb it at the coldest hour, which, I am told, is, like the darkest one, that just before morning. That at the Cambridge Observatory, however, which we must suppose to be thorough-bred and properly put through its paces, cleared 18° handsomely, I was told. So I suppose we may take that as an average of the speed of thermometers in this latitude. We did not undertake to run the thing into the ground, as they did at Montpelier, where the mercury ran down and hid itself in the bulb, out of mere shame at being asked to record such indecencies of weather. We cannot but wish Mr. Theodore Parker a good voyage to the islands of the Caribbean sea, to escape from such inordinations of temperature, as I understand he is suddenly to make such an one. His illness has caused much concern and distress among his friends—and, possibly, the opposite of these among his enemies—but we will hope that he will return refreshed and invigorated and able to encounter many more years of hard work. I had intended making his case the text for a physico-psychological discourse, but as I have used up already my usual allowance of space, you must do without it, this time.

D. Y.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Dublin, Christmas Day, 1858.

The bells are calling to prayer at the (Established) Church over the way—the same which carried off my chairs and tables the day after H. C. Wright arrived in Dublin, fifteen or sixteen years ago—and as I am not about to be "rung in," I may as well spend part of my holiday in writing to you. It would be a woful world if people never talked unless they had something to say—but writing is another matter. The effort which penmanship requires should not go for nothing, and therefore I have not written to you this ever so long. I have been keeping the noiseless tenor of my way, and nothing that happened on either side of the herring pond seemed to call for anything that I had to say about it.

Of late, the newspapers have been at a loss for something to occupy them, and, this concurring with John Bright's complete restoration to health, an agitation has been set going for a new measure of Parliamentary Reform. As far as it has hitherto proceeded, it appears difficult to get up the steam. Great public meetings have been held in Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow to hear Mr. Bright unfold his plans, and some of the newspapers have endeavored to show us how miserably we are governed, and the necessity that exists for shorter Parliaments, a more extended suffrage, and a more equal distribution of electoral districts. The truth I believe to be that although a new Reform bill has been a part of the programme of many successive ministries for several years past, none of them have had much inclination for any such measure; nor are the middle and upper, by which I mean the wealthier and more intelligent, classes (in whom the real power of the country substantially resides) very desirous for any organic change that would arouse the poor and ignorant masses into political activity. Perhaps it is twenty years since the celebrated Richard Cobden, the anti-Corn law reformer, first came before the public in a pamphlet entitled "England, Ireland and America," in which he argued, so as to win the assent of great numbers of his readers, that the prodigious material prosperity of the United States was rather due to their political institutions than to the vast extent of their virgin soil and the prodigious undeveloped resources of the country. These views are still apparently adhered to by Mr. Bright, and are recommended to his hearers by their popular character and by all the great powers of his masterly eloquence. But I apprehend that very different opinions are held by that large and important class who are familiar with the recent history of your country, who believe that the truly patriotic and enlightened portion of your citizens are driven into obscurity by noisy and unscrupulous politicians, and that your real rulers are a numerically insignificant body of slaveholders, whose leisure enables them to concentrate their whole influence and that of their ignorant or infatuated Northern tools to the support of the interests of slavery, regardless of the national honor, welfare and morality. It is known that the slaveholding Oligarchy are unutterably selfish, barbarous, unscrupulous and retrograde; that its influence, acting by terror in the slave States, and by corruption and appeals to the basest passions and prejudices of the multitude in the North, is utterly shameless and abominable. True, our institutions are aristocratic, but so are the habits and feelings of the vast majority of those who represent the wealth, the property and the education of the United Kingdom; and nothing could be more abhorrent to their ideas of individual or national security than that the control of this powerful and wealthy empire, with its infinitely complicated social and political interests, should be handed over to a numerical majority of poor and ignorant voters. A very large portion of these are so incredibly ignorant that they could not fail to become as clay in the hands of the potter when influenced by ambitious and selfish demagogues. Another very large section are illiterate and fanatical Roman Catholics, whose ideas of political duty are concentrated in the simple proposition that they are, above all things, bound to promote the interests of their Church and its infallible head. Viewing matters from their stand-point, nothing can be so imperative upon any man as his duty to obey God rather than man, the Vicar of Christ rather than the behests of any earthly ruler or any sublunary motive whatever. It would be wonderful if the rampant, audacious, insolent Ultramontanism of the Romish clergy on both sides of the Atlantic, and in France as well as in Italy, had failed to make a profound impression upon thinking persons who stand outside the sphere of their influence. You will judge from the following extract from *The Tablet,* a weekly paper of ultramontane principles, published in London, that the domineering ambition of Rome only wants power and opportunity in order to be as terrible and tyrannical as when it was wielded by Hildebrand and Torquemanda; and you will admit that the dictates of prudence and common sense render it incumbent upon all who stand up for civil liberty and the right of private judgment to see how they make any concessions they can avoid to the bitterest enemies of both one and the other.

"The Pope will speak out more loudly than ever, and, what is more, he will be listened to. He will turn over your old musty Acts of Parliament with finger and thumb, scrutinizing them with most irreverent audacity, examining those which concern him; and when he has found these, reject some, and tolerating others, with as much freedom as you use when you handle oranges in a shop, selecting the soft and sweet, and rejecting the sour and rotten; he will then—oh! dreadful thought—insist upon being obeyed. The very slates at Westminster Hall must erect themselves with horror, at the bare thought of such a thing. What! a bill read three times in each House of Parliament, engrossed on parchment, garnished with wax, and over it, pronounced by Royal lips, the mysterious words—'The Queen wills it,' her Lords will it, her Commons will it; what can it want to give it the perfect functions of law? Nothing of solemnity, of force, which the Imperial Legislature of the kingdom can give, is wanting; but, truly, it wants the sanction of religion. The Pope snuffs disdainfully at it. An Italian priest will have none of it. It trenches upon his rights, or rather, his duties. It violates the integrity of those interests which he is appointed to guard; and, therefore, Commons, Lords, Queen, wax, parchment, and all, avail very little. You may call it law if you please. You may print in your volume of statutes; but, before long, you will have to repeal and alter it, in order to procure the sanction of a foreign potentate, without which, in the end, it has not the value of a tenpenny nail."

Did you ever see anything more odious for its swaggering insolence? And yet the kindred system of chattel slavery makes its way with you by audacious assumption of the very same character, and the only way in which either tyranny can be withstood is by confronting impudence with courage, and by watching their machinations with sleepless vigilance. Considering what the Pope has in store for us when his influence is established in England as firmly as it is in Austria, it is reasonable that the English people, looking beyond the proposed object to the real drift of the changes in their Constitution offered for their acceptance by Mr. Bright, with the full and expressed approbation of the Irish priests, should look with suspicion on the vote by ballot. One result of this change would inevitably be to release the Romish laity from all other than clerical influence, and to place a vast amount of substantial political power in the hands of the foes of all heretical authority, all representation and parliamentary government, all free speech, every unfettered press, and every institution whatever that could directly or indirectly interfere with their own soul-benumbing despotism.

Until this recent agitation, which has hitherto done very little to disturb the placid surface of the ocean of British public opinion, there was almost no exception to the general feeling of satisfaction with the slow but certain progress of social and political improvement. The grants for education are steadily increasing, the system of taxation is continually improved, the feeling of sympathy and unity between the various classes of the community is increasing in cordiality, the appreciation of the substantial and stable freedom we enjoy is becoming stronger and more prevalent, it is felt in these islands that a man may say what he pleases and do what he likes, within very liberal legal limits, with greater impunity than in the United States, and that our public affairs are much better and more conscientiously administered.

Having thus given you my views about our political position, which have no value except as those of an independent observer unconnected with party, I would be glad to know what you think of the present state of the anti-slavery cause. I am aware that the recent elections are justly regarded as having administered a needful and painful rebuke to the headlong pro-slavery career of President Buchanan, but I do not see that much has been gained if you depose a wolf in order to set up a tiger—for everybody seems to think that the chief result of all this triumph will be the elevation of Douglas on the downfall of Buchanan. Is there any reason to suppose that "the Little Giant" will be less pro-slavery than his predecessor, and if not, what has been gained? Judging from your columns and those of *The Liberator,* I should say there was less doing or attempted to be done by the Abolitionists than at any former period within my memory. The laborers in the field appear to be fewer and the attendance at your meetings smaller than heretofore. Whilst the masses in the free States seem to be the willing tools of demagogues without conscience or patriotism, the wealthy and the intelligent have little apparent sympathy with the Abolitionists or compassion for the slaves, and care to venture upon nothing more energetic than a lazy and bootless rebuke to the encroaching insolence of the Slave Power. As to any real desire to put down slavery or destroy the Slave Power by withholding substantial support from it, nothing seems to be further from their minds.

It seems to be conceded that the advance of any class of politicians to a higher anti-slavery stand-point than heretofore is imperceptible, and the determination of the American Tract Society to endorse the pro-slavery action of its Committee indicates a stolid case-hardened indifference to the slave in the minds of religious professors which is far from encouraging to the Abolitionists. It is clear that their views find small acceptance with American politicians or American religionists, and these constitute a large and influential portion of the American people. I fear the rising generation in the United States is not that which entered with enthusiasm into the first efforts at abolitionism. The early champions of the slave have perhaps as much faith in their principles as ever—but they cannot feel so sanguine in the expectation of victory in their own day, and the progress of time must have somewhat lessened their strength and damped their youthful enthusiasm. It rarely happens that the first laborers in any field of reform are succeeded by a generation so zealous as themselves; and from all we hear of "Young America," I fear that republican simplicity and constitutional freedom are in less favor with them than the love of gain and dreams of bootless and demoralizing national expansion.

Our newspapers have helped to fill their columns by comments on a sort of extra official convention of nearly 400 members of the Society of Friends who lately met in London to discuss "the business of Egypt." It seems that the sect is undergoing a process of rapid numerical declension, partly from the rule which forbids, under pain of disownment, members of the Society to marry any who are not in membership. Another cause which tends still more powerfully to diminish the number of "Friends" is the strength of the prudential restraints which withhold the members of that body from rushing into matrimony without a prospect of being able to support a family in respectability, or at least in comfort. A great majority of the Society belong to the middle classes—it including few working men or laborers—and the dread of descending into a lower rank is extremely powerful in this aristocratic country, where competition is so intense and the field of enterprise so much more limited than with you. This convention suggested that marriage in meeting and consequent immunity from disownment should be permitted, provided either of the contracting parties be in membership and that the other attends meetings, though not actually a member. It is also understood that the peculiar garb (*or plainness of apparel*) and what is called *the plain language* were under discussion, with a view to the future disregard of these peculiarities as an essential part of the Quaker system. I have not heard that these matters were decided, but there can be little doubt that they are questions which a very few years will decide in the affirmative. Indeed, the change which has taken place in my own memory in all those phases of Quakerism which distinguished the members of the Society from the rest of the community has been prodigious. Even the essential doctrine of the inward light has given way to the popular orthodox theology of the Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian bodies. Wherever the main doctrine which George Fox and his followers preached is abandoned, and the Bible alone is held forth as the only infallible guide of faith and practice, Quakerism is virtually dead; and we need look no more for those stern, self-denying, broad-brimmed, drab-coated, venerable old descendants of the Puritans whom I regarded with such awe and veneration in my early days, "when George the Third was King." Friends are now-a-days very much gathered into towns, and are generally eager and successful in the pursuit of wealth. Intercourse with the rest of the world and the acquisition of riches are not favorable to the rigid exclusiveness and stern simplicity in which I was brought up. Dancing, music and attendance on "hireling ministers" are not regarded, except by a small and rapidly decreasing handful, with the horror they used to inspire—and "Friends' books" are little read in comparison with the eagerly sought for and far more racy and stimulating volumes of popular theology. Sarah Grubb's Journal and Fothergill's Sermons would stand a poor chance in comparison with the Life of that pious and dashing young soldier, Captain Hedley Vicar, who was killed in the Crimea—or such a novel as the Heir of Redclyffe—or the charming biography of Doctor Arnold. Sects, like everything else, are born to die, and I fear Quakerism is no exception. As to the larger sections of Christendom, as the numbers are greater, their names will last longer—but the principle, the discipline and the real substance change. If George Fox would find it hard to discover a real Quaker, I am full sure it would puzzle John Wesley to find a true Methodist among the hundreds of thousands of his American pro-slavery followers. But it is time to stop.

Yours truly, Richard D. Webb.

Progressive Movement.—We have a letter informing us that a Progressive religious meeting is to be held at Handel and Hayden Hall, Philadelphia, on First day (to-morrow), the 23d inst., at 2½ o'clock p. m. We infer that it is the intention of those active in the movement to meet regularly, at the same place and hour, on each succeeding First day.

Cuban Annexation.—The latest reports from Washington indicate the probable passage of Mr. Slidell's bill placing $30,000,000 in the hands of the President, ostensibly to promote the acquisition of Cuba, but really to be used as an electioneering fund.

The Western Anti-Slavery Fair, lately held at Salem, Ohio, was very successful. The total receipts were $350 66. The nett proceeds are to be used in sustaining the operations of the Western Anti-Slavery Society and *The Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

Summary.

"I wish," said a beautiful wife to her studious husband—"I wish I was a book." "I wish you were—an *Almanac,*" replied her loving lord, "and then I would get a new one every year." Just then the silk rustled.

Two exceedingly humane bills are before the Legislature of North Carolina, now in session, which, taken together, give to the free colored people resident therein the choice of removing out of the State within two years, of choosing an owner for themselves, or of being sold at public auction for the benefit of common schools.

Mrs. Littles, the Rochester murderess, is employed at Sing Sing State Prison in trimming hats. She conducts herself with propriety, and obeys the discipline of the Prison. The forger Huntington, in the same institution, is said to be one of the best of the prisoners. He is employed as bookkeeper in the cabinetshop.

The Crew of the Alleged Slaver Ketch Brothers.—*Augusta, Ga., January* 11.—A private despatch from Charleston says that the cases of the crew of the Ketch Brothers, charged with slave trading, were taken up in the United States District Court to-day, and that the Grand Jury ignored the bills of indictment against them.

The price paid now for the hire of negroes in Virginia is an advance on last year. Negro men for factory hands are hiring for from $130 to $180; and railroad contractors are offering as high as $200 for all able-bodied men they can procure. Women, for cooks, &c., command from $50 to 75; and boys and girls from $25 to $50.

A Devout Thief—Praying and Stealing Pantaloons.—On Saturday afternoon a man calling himself Father Welch, a Catholic priest, called at the house of Mr. Hylon, in Broome street, and asked the use of a private room where he might engage in prayer. The request was granted, and the stranger, after spending half an hour at his devotions, left, carrying with him a new pair of pantaloons, which belonged to Mr. Hylon, and left his old ones in their place.

On the 26th of last month, a Mr. Nuckollis, of Nebraska City, issued a circular in which he offers a reward of $200 for the return of "my two negro women, who were enticed away from my house on the night of Nov. 25th." Will Br. Blackford please inquire and see if this Mr. Nuckollis is not a member of the M. E. Church, in good standing.—*Northern Independent.*

Effect of Prayer.—Prayer-meetings have been lately instituted in the Ulster County (New York) jail, with a view to the conversion of the prisoners. On Wednesday last, the leader exhorted the prisoners "to flee from the wrath to come," and the same night six of them, giving a somewhat literal interpretation to his advice, broke jail and fled.

Fred. Douglass's Daughter for Sale.—Among the servants offered for sale by a Mr. Forrest of Memphis, Tenn., is a girl who is known to be the daughter of Fred. Douglas, the Abolitionist. She is said to be of the class known among the dealers as a "likely girl," and is a native of North Carolina.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

South Carolina and the Slave Trade.—*The Clarendon* (S. C.) *Banner,* alluding to the landing of a portion of the Wanderer's cargo in that State, says, "The result of the whole matter will be that at the next session of the Legislature steps will be taken more effectually to prevent the importation into our State of savages from the Coast of Africa."

St. Petersburg, Dec. 14, 1858.—Three months ago, the peasants of the Government of Kovno took, in their churches, a solemn pledge that they would drink no more brandy. They have kept this promise so well that the sale of brandy in the shops is but one-twelfth of what it was, and it is now sold only on the principal routes. Many distilleries have been obliged to give up their business, at least for a time.

The Slave Crop of Virginia amounts to *twelve million dollars per year,* sold to go to Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, &c. How many of these are raised and sold by Methodist masters? This breeding-ground of slavery for the nation is within the bounds of the M. E. Church, and its chief slave-breeders are Methodists. How do their surplus slaves get into the hands of the traders, and their price into the hands of these Methodists, if they do not *sell* them, as Rev. James Quinn of the Philadelphia Conference sold his? If members of Conference sell slaves, why should not the private members?—*Northern Independent.*

A Cuban Lady's Opinion of the Purchase of Cuba.—American Gentleman (*playfully*)—Do you know, Madam, that next year I shall have the pleasure of calling you a fellow-citizen of mine?

Cuban Lady (*indignantly*)—Never! Was there ever so unprincipled a nation? Because a thing suits you, you think you have a right to steal it.

American Gentleman—Oh, no, Madam! We don't mean to steal it; we propose to buy it.

Cuban Lady—Ha, ha! What, you buy Cuba? Why you cannot buy your own Mount Vernon!

Underground.—They run to Abolition, color and Underground Railroads in Syracuse. They have in that city the principal depot of the Underground Road. They help keep the road in order. On the 25th and 26 instants they are expected to come together at the house of the Rev. Mr. Loguen, colored, and help sustain him in his operations for the relief of fugitives passing through the city. Mr. Loguen "keeps the depot." As if some attraction were necessary to bring the people of the Salt City together, it is advertised that twenty escaped fugitives will be at Mr. L.'s on the 26th, to show the people what sort of creatures they are. Mr. Loguen has assisted between one and two hundred persons in their escape from slavery during the past year.—*Utica Observer.*

Curiosities of Antiquity.—A short time since, some workmen, while digging sand on the hill-side of pasture land owned by Josiah Babcock, Esq., in the vicinity of Granite Turnpike, Milton, excavated three pieces of alabaster, one of which was circular in form, about six inches in circumference, with a hole drilled in the centre. It was perforated also with a piece of iron about the size of a shingle nail. The other pieces were quadrangular in form, and about four to five inches in dimension, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. The smaller of these pieces has a very curious carving, standing out and well defined like stucco work, evidently representing a flower and sprigs, with an Indian arrow case carved at the base. The flower protrudes nearly an inch, and is beautifully carved, equal to the lithographic character of our times. They were found twelve feet below the surface of the earth, and doubtless were placed there by the aborigines of our country, long before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.—*Quincy Patriot.*

Mr. Slidell of Louisiana wants thirty millions of pocket money for Mr. Buchanan, to enable that venerable statesman and Executive to carry out his "great designe" upon the monarchy of Castile. Very good! but before we pay over the said considerable sum, suppose we settle the equally great Mount Vernon question!

What Marcus Curtius, for his country's good, will leap into the gulf of Mr. John Washington's magnificent meanness? What Angus will bell the great Mount Vernon cat? Who will set about redeeming the home and tomb of the Father of his Country from the clutches of a vulgar Virginian, who seems to regard the renown of his dead ancestor as so much fertilizing guano; and will deliver the ladies of America from the necessity of touting for half-dollars through the length and the breadth of the land?—*Times.*

The Coolies in Cuba.—A Virginia gentleman of intelligence, who recently visited Cuba, gives a sad picture of the toils and sufferings to which the Coolie slaves are subjected. They have nothing like the capacity of the negro for labor and endurance; and yet the same tasks are imposed upon them. When not engaged in the field, they herd indiscriminately—men, women and children—in huts, with no semblance of family ties or obligations. Suicide is common among them, sometimes ten or a dozen hanging themselves at a time. No provision is made for their return to their native land, from which they have been beguiled, and their masters having no interest in them, except to get the greatest amount of work possible out of them, during their period of apprenticeship, heap upon them an amount of labor that soon breaks them down, and often carries them to their grave.—*Oswego Times.*

Spiritualism and Slavery.—*To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.*

"High Price for Negroes.—At a sale of negroes in this city on Tuesday last, one woman, about 30 years of age, with three small children, brought over $3,000; and at the sale of the negroes of the Stiles estate, at Clinton, on the same day, 37 negroes averaged $969 40 each, three old ones in the lot bringing only $397. One boy, eighteen years of age, common field hand, brought 1,535, cash. These are the ordinary rates, all over the South, this season, which we think is conclusive evidence that more servile labor is imperatively needed, and *must be had,* from Africa or elsewhere."

Sir: The above extract I cut from *The Macon Citizen,* Georgia, whose editor is also the editor of the *The Christian Spiritualist,* a "Medium of Light from the Spirit World." Comment on it, so far as I am concerned, is unnecessary.

New York, Jan. 15, 1859. Paschal B. Randolph.

Falsehood Refuted.—*To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.*

Sir: As a native of the Island of Jamaica, I beg to state that the assertion of a writer in Wisconsin, signing himself Ogden Barrett, and quoted by you, that he has seen negroes in that island, whip in hand, driving their women to fetch all the coal for the American steamers there, has not even the equivocal apology of an exaggeration. It is pure invention. The penalty in Jamaica for assaults on women and children is hard labor in the penitentiary for any term not exceeding six months, on conviction before any two magistrates, not to mention the more summary application of Lynch law which assaults of so public and aggravated a nature—savoring, as they would, of the days of slavery—would be sure to draw down on the fools who should dare to make any such demonstration as that mentioned by the veracious Mr. Barrett.

S. B. Slack, late of *The Jamaica Press.*

New York, Jan. 12, 1859.

Scene in a School-room.—The Springfield *Republican* is responsible for the following:

Come here, George, I wish to examine you in punctuation. What's that?

George—That? that's comma.

Mistress—Right; now what's that?

George—Ah! now you've got me where my hair's short; I dun kno.

Mistress—George, I do not wish you to use any slang phrases here. When you are unable to give correct replies, say so, but do not repeat such phrases as that which you have just used. Now, what's that?

George—I dun kno.

Mistress—Don't know what that is? Why that's a period.

George (looking critically at the point in question)—Ha! ha! ha! Now I've got you where your hair's short; that ain't nothin' only a fly-dirt!

Mistress (re-examining critically)—George you are dismissed.

Another Negro Horror.—Instances of the murders of masters by their slaves have become alarmingly frequent of late, and retribution seems to be dealt out to the perpetrators with despatch, and in the form to which only a people wrought up to the highest degree of indignation and excitement would resort. *The Democrat* of yesterday contained a short account of the murder of Mr. Simon B. Thornhill, of Lincoln County, in this State, by one of his slaves, and the subsequent lynching of the negro by the excited citizens. We received yesterday some further particulars of the affair, which are as follows:

Mr. Thornhill owned a negro, who, by his recklessness, had frequently overdriven his cattle and injured his wagons. Having occasion to get something hauled, he hired a person to do it, which exasperated the negro. He went into the road, and as his master came along, attacked him with a knife, and stabbed him fourteen times. The wounded man ran to a fence, which he was attempting to scale, when the ruffian came up behind him and cut him again and again in the back. The wounded man managed to crawl to a house, and was there taken care of, but he died shortly after. The murderer was secured, and committed to jail in the town of Troy, in Lincoln County. The people of the vicinity assembled, and, in a great fury and excitement, took him from prison and burned him to ashes.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Hard Task of the Printer.—Many persons who condescend to illumine the dark world with the sparklings of their genius through the columns of a newspaper, and others who publish sermons and tracts—religious, moral and political—little think of the labor of the printer, who (perhaps nearly suffocated with the smoke of a lamp, and with an aching head, and eyes inflamed and enfeebled from intense application) sits up till midnight, or till daylight, to correct his false grammar, bad orthography and worse punctuation. I have seen the arguments of lawyers, who stood in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own handwriting—chirography which would defy the sagacity of the most inveterate investigator of ancient heiroglyphics—abounding with technical and foreign terms abbreviated, words misspelled, and few (or no) points, and those entirely misplaced. I once saw the manuscript of a sermon in the hands of a printer, which was entirely without points, and every line began with a capital letter, as if it had been poetry. Suppose these productions had been printed as they were written; the disgrace would have fallen upon the printer. Nobody would believe that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the carelessness of the author; and no one but a practical printer knows how many hours a compositor—and, after him, a proof-reader—is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts which the writers themselves would be puzzled to read with propriety.—*J. T. Buckingham.*

Slave-Breeding in Turkey.—The Constantinople correspondent in *Le Nord* says that since the Russians have had no fleet in the Black Sea, the Turkish Government openly favors the Circassian slave trade, allowing the slaves to be landed on the northern shores of Asia Minor, where the local authorities furnish them with certificates that they are Turkish subjects; after which they are taken to some of the ports frequented by the French, Austrian and Turkish steamers, who cannot refuse to take passengers with papers *en regle,* and transport them wherever there may be a demand for them. While the correspondent—Mr. Tchihatcheff—was at Samsoun, Osman Pacha himself publicly purchased a young girl of Circassian merchants, provided with Turkish passports. Some ten miles from Amasia is the Village of Koutou, which is inhabited entirely by Circassians, who make it a depot for their business. They do not confine themselves to receiving and selling girls born in Circassia, but are quite ready to take Circassians of both sexes, not for sale, but for breeding purposes. These they couple, as do the Virginia breeders, and give their offspring such physical and mental training as will best secure for the human article the highest prices known to the market. Some, of course, are trained for one purpose, some for another; and special care is bestowed on those who seek a sale to the Sultan.

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE TROLL'S CAPTIVE.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I HAD a dream. From lands afar
He came, whose sword shall set me free,
A lovely boy with golden hair,
And ruddy cheeks so fair to see;
The words he spake were sweet to hear,
But when the night began to wane,
I murmured, "Wilt thou leave me, dear?"
He answered, "I will come again."

I told the Troll my dream; but he,
With laughter loud, "The moat is deep,
The gates are fashioned cunningly,
And they who watch them will not sleep,
And most of all my arm is strong,
Strong as the spells that thee enchain."
And I replied, "He tarries long,
But he will surely come again."

And as the years go slowly by,
He laughs, reminding me of him,
With thoughts of whom perpetually
My face is flushed, my eyes are dim.
"Why waits the coward?" cries the Troll—
"How long shalt thou with me remain?"
And answer makes my inmost soul,
"I know that he will come again."

"Perchance he found an easier love,
Perchance a lovelier than thee;
Better than seek my wrath to prove,
Or dare the perils of the sea;
Perchance he lies within the deep,
Or long ago in flight was slain."
But I make answer, as I weep,
"I know that he will come again.

"I know that he will come again,
The prince whose sword shall set me free,
E'en now his bark is on the main;
He knows the ancient prophecy,
His sword is keen, his arm is strong,
The words he spake shall not be vain;
Oh! love, although thou tarriest long,
I know that thou wilt come again."

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—BYRON.

Translated for THE STANDARD *from the French of Madame* D'HAUSSONVILLE.

IN CONTINUATION.....IV.

ROBERT EMMET reached Ireland in the month of November, 1802, and immediately entered into relations with those who had sent for him from Paris. They were, almost all of them, the old leaders of the rebellion of 1798; but besides these, there were, says Madden, behind the curtain, persons of a much higher position, who were connected with the conspiracy, who knew all its springs and directed its movements. "The delicacy of feeling," he adds, "will easily be understood which induces me to omit the names of those hitherto unknown, who have since rendered great service to their country, and whose families may wish the secret kept." Making every allowance for the boldness of conjecture in these affairs, it is certain that the conspiracy of 1803 was of much wider extent than was generally believed. The act of union ruined Dublin, and the higher classes, as malcontent as the people since the suppression of the Parliament, were more or less implicated. Among the high nobility who are thought to have participated in the plot are Lord Meath and Lord Wycombe, who were much with Robert Emmet shortly before the insurrection. These nobles knew of the conspiracy, desired its success, and aided it, perhaps, with their fortune, but would not take an ostensible part. Robert, whose return to Dublin was to pass for attention to his own affairs, went often into society, and frequented the house of Curran, where he again met her whose remembrance had never quitted him during these years of absence. Madden tells us that at a dinner at Mr Keagh's, a very animated conversation took place between Robert and a certain Mr. C., a political personage of some importance, whom he does not choose to name at length. They naturally spoke of the state of the country and of its disposition to renew the struggle. Robert vehemently expressed his hope of success in case of a fresh effort to shake off the yoke. Mr. C. appeared more discouraged and less confident. "Upon how many counties, my dear Robert, can we reckon, in case of a new insurrection?" "Upon nineteen," replied Robert Emmet; "and do you not think we might begin with fewer?" Mr. C. reflected for a moment, and then said: "Give me only two, my dear friend, and I am your man."

In the month of March, George III. announced to Parliament the rupture with France and the commencement of hostilities. It was then, when the terror of an impending invasion began to take possession of the public mind of England, that the conspirators decided to put their plans seriously in execution. Among the most distinguished of those who personally compromised themselves in the conspiracy, some of whom were leaders of the insurrection, was General Russell, one of the authors of the rebellion of 1798. Less remarkably gifted than Robert Emmet, he possessed neither less honor nor less integrity. Like most of the chiefs of 1798 and 1803, he was a Protestant of a very fervent and decided character—like Fitzgerald, Philip Long, Hamilton Rowan, Malachy Delany, son of a great landed proprietor in the neighborhood of Dublin, John Allen, Samuel Neilson, Byrne of Wexford,* William Dowdall, Colonel Plunkett, since Lord Dunsany and many others. The name of a woman must not be omitted—Mrs. Biddy Palmer, whom Madden calls the Irish Madame Roland, and who was one of the most active agents of the conspiracy. Her brother had been an officer under Lord Edward Fitzgerald. All these were honorable men, some of distinguished social position and possessed of considerable fortunes. Besides these, says Madden, there was a great number of persons, distinguished for intellect and rank, who were aware of the conspiracy and secretly encouraged it by their good wishes.

But the head, the soul, the life of the plot, was Robert Emmet. His audacious plan was not without some chance of success. It seems very like the one found among the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald at the moment of his arrest. Instructed by the experience of the past, the conspirators of 1803 attributed the failure of the insurrection of '98 to the fact of its too great extent of the surface of the country, and its lack of a centre of operations. The important point, they thought, was to seize in the first the city and castle of Dublin, all the while in communication with the principal counties, Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow and Kildare. By means of certain concerted signals, success or check was to be immediately known all over the country; and it is not to be doubted that if the insurrection had succeeded at Dublin, all Ireland would have risen, and a national war, more or less protracted, more or less successful, would have followed. This plan had besides, in Emmet's view, the advantage of avoiding, as far as possible, effusion of blood and of running no risk in partial, useless struggles after the first blow should have failed. The attack on Dublin was to be coincident with the landing of the French in England in the month of August.

Exterior circumstances were of the most favorable. The attention of England, fixed at that moment upon France, left Ireland almost abandoned; all her military preparations were absorbed in her own defence; so that on the day of the insurrection there was not ball and ammunition enough, it is said, for the cavalry and artillery regiments on guard at Dublin.

Till half-past seven o'clock in the evening the gates of the castle remained open, and one could enter without difficulty. Secretly informed of the slightest movements of the privy council, Robert Emmet and a few others of the most determined among the conspirators were to penetrate, sword in hand, into the castle and take possession, while the peasants of Wicklow, Wexford and Kildare, already experienced in the rebellion of 1798 and placed under trustworthy direction, were to descend upon the city and attack it from the opposite side. Once in possession of the castle, and thereby of the city, they were to convoke the two hundred members of the old House of Commons, and those present in Dublin and aware of the conspiracy would then have constituted themselves a Provisional Government. It appears that the historical example constantly in the mind of Robert Emmet was that of the successful revolution of Portugal, accomplished in 1640, under precisely the same conditions. Forty determined men penetrated at that time into the Castle of Lisbon, made themselves masters of the vice-queen and the Spanish authorities, and, followed by the people, delivered their country from the Spanish yoke.

During the months immediately preceding the insurrection, Robert Emmet established himself at the house of Mrs. Palmer, under the name of Hewitt, in a building in the centre of the city, adjoining the populous quarters. There, day and night, without cessation or repose, he superintended and directed the preparations for the insurrection. He devoted to the purchase of arms and ammunition the whole fortune he had just inherited by the death of his father; and it was a considerable one. He displayed, as all acknowledged, great ability and prudence, with a rare faculty of organization, in the direction of so difficult an enterprise.

Various houses were hired in different parts of Dublin, where they wrought without ceasing in the manufacture of arms, powder and ball, pikes, and the signal-rockets which were to serve the day of insurrection.

Robert Emmet did not confine his plans to Dublin, but held secret intelligence with all the neighboring counties. Strange to relate, the secret of these plans was sacredly kept, and among so many necessarily entrusted with it not one was found a traitor. The people of Dublin were in complicity with the conspirators to keep it. Shortly before the insurrection, Lord Hardwick, fearing a movement in the County of Kildare, sent troops there to suppress it. Robert had about him some fifteen men, all from the ranks of the people, who called themselves his staff, and whose labors he superintended, snatching only a few hours of repose on a mattress in the midst of the depôt in Thomas street. Passionate, yet self-controlled, he animated them by his ardor, while he ruled them by his coolness; his facile, popular eloquence putting him at once on a level with all ranks of society.

Madden discovered one of these men, named James Hope, still living in obscurity at Belfast. He was then a respectable old man, greatly esteemed by his neighbors for the firmness of his principles and the heartiness of his character, always faithful to the cause of his youth. He was self-educated, and possessed a certain literary culture. Madden obtained of him some curious details respecting his intimacy with his late chief. Let us listen to him at this point of our history. "The day of my first interview with Mr. Emmet, he told me that some of the first men in Ireland had sent for him from France. He asked me if I thought the country ripe for an appeal to arms? I replied to him affirmatively, for that was my opinion. He told me that his plan was laid, and that he should constantly need my assistance. The workshops were hired and workmen selected. There were not less than forty men employed at the different dépots. These men conducted with the greatest prudence, no one showing the least curiosity to know more than concerned his immediate function. Each office was fulfilled separately and without mutual understanding. I never saw Mr. Emmet anxious or uneasy. Even at the last moment, when everything united to predict a check, he was always quiet and determined; hoping success, but prepared for every event. He talked with us familiarly, but seriously, never jesting. He told me one day that great promises had been made him by persons of high position, possessing large fortunes, in the upper ranks of society, who were to aid him in organizing the insurrection all over Ireland, but that the money was not yet forthcoming, and he hoped his own private resources might prove sufficient. Touching the defection of Colonel Plunkett, he told me that the Colonel was one of those men who readily risk the lives and fortunes of others, but at the last moment prudently withdraw from the scene themselves. For himself, he had already engaged his whole fortune; and if he failed, the blame must fall on those who had thrust him forward without standing by him. Moreover, he said, his defeat even would not save the government he was attacking, and the time would come when justice would be done to his undertaking. Mr. F., brother of R., of G., and Lord Wycombe often came to his house before the insurrection. The plan of Robert Emmet would certainly have succeeded but for the timidity of his staff. Almost all failed him at the last moment. The very same difficulties had baffled Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798. I recollect expressing to him one day my opinion as to the people's right to retake a portion of the soil unjustly seized by the Protestants from the Catholics. 'I should choose to die,' he replied, 'rather than consent to such an iniquity. All attacks upon property would lead us into fatal courses, and happily, he added, we are all Protestants, and no one can suspect us of acting out of personal interest.' The men in his employ received no remuneration. They served for the cause, and not for money. They had great confidence in Robert Emmet and would have given their life for him.

"All went well, and the conspirators flattered themselves that they should be able to bring their enterprise to a favorable termination, when a series of unlucky circumstances occurred which broke up all their schemes. In the middle of July, an explosion took place in a powder magazine in Patrick street. Two men employed there perished, and one of them expired in the arms of Emmet, whose heart was torn by the sufferings of his two companions. By the greatest good luck, the police, who made a descent upon the house, conceived only vague suspicions, the arms having been seasonably removed. They seized everybody they found in the house and carried them to prison. The next day an Orange journal warned the government that it was sleeping on a mine, and that from day to day that mine might explode. The danger was imminent: the least delay might ruin all. It was no longer possible to await the landing of the French army in August, but it became necessary to act instantly or to abandon the enterprise. Robert Emmet insisted on immediate action. He declared that it could never be done under circumstances more favorable; that in a month's time the militia would be armed, the alarm given to government, and the country put in a state of defence. Others, on the contrary, thought the preparations insufficient, the chances of success doubtful, and, whether through fear or prudence, withdrew in the hour of danger. Seven days passed in these deliberations. The influence of Robert Emmet prevailed with the majority, which declared itself ready to follow its chief, for life and death. It was decided to try to seize the castle." "That," said one of the conspirators, "is the important point, since, for the majority of mankind, the legitimate power is the one that occupies the seat of government." The die was cast, and arms were secretly distributed among the people. But disorder and division had entered the ranks of the conspirators, and from that day all things foretold a failure, and it is difficult not to accuse the young conspirator of imprudence and precipitation at the last moment. Ardent, and inexperienced, and trusting in the justice of his cause, he was wanting in the day of first action in the clear-sightedness and ability which he had shown in the conception and preparation of his designs.

A fragment of a journal found in the dépôt at Thomas street, afterwards brought in evidence of the case, gives a view of his state of mind during the time preceding the fatal catastrophe.

"I have but scant time to reflect upon the thousand obstacles which rise between me and the accomplishment of my purpose. I had ardent, and, as I think, reasonable, hopes that these obstacles would disappear. But if I deceive myself, if these hopes are groundless, if a precipice is opening suddenly beneath my feet, duty does not allow me to retreat, and I thank God, who has given me a certain courage in my nature. It is that on which I rely. It will aid me to bear the event, whatever it may be, that fate has in reserve for me."

On the 23d of July, at night, burst out in the streets of Dublin, and in the market place, the insurrection of which Robert Emmet was one of the leaders. One might have augured the coming storm from the deep silence which reigned in the streets on the eve of the insurrection. The drinking-houses were empty, and the neighboring villages deserted. Who, in the days of our civil wars, does not remember the silence which precedes great popular emotion, as on the sea the hurricanes and tempests? On that very same day the following proclamation was placarded on the walls of Dublin:

"People of Ireland, you are to-day called to show yourselves worthy of your rank among the nations. Only by breaking with your own hands the yoke of England can you prove to the world your right to be recognised as an independent State.

"We attack not private property, we attack not any religious sect; we attack only the English despotism. Religious oppression is one of the least evils under which Ireland suffers. It is our intention to deliver ourselves not only from this, but from every other weight under which we groan. We combat to gain a country: each one afterwards shall enjoy his own religion.

"Citizens of Dublin! raise the national standard together, and let every man in whose breast burns a spark of patriotism rally round it! Use your means! let every street become a strait and every house a fortress. Stay the march of your oppressors with the arms of the brave—the pike and the musket—and let your windows rain bricks and stones on the heads of your tyrants, the bloody, mercenary soldiers of England!

"Citizens of every class! let us act with union and in concert. Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, let us unite around the same banner. Convinced of the justice of our cause, we make to-day a last and solemn appeal to arms and to our God. Repress and prevent pillage, drunkenness, and every kind of excess. Let each man do his duty, and never forget that in civil war inaction becomes crime. Think against whom you combat—the tyrants of six hundred years. Remember their massacres, their tortures, your burning houses, your violated women! Think of your country, to-day to be restored to her rank among the nations; and may God help each one of us at his last hour, as he shall have helped his country in her hour of need!"

Accounts differ of the different incidents of this fatal day. Nothing appears more natural when we consider how confused and contradictory is often the testimony of those who have aided and coöperated in the same events. The men of Wicklow and Kildare, who had been reckoned on, did not come at the appointed day; the peasants rose in arms to descend upon the city, but at the last moment their chiefs, deceived by a false alarm, failed of the rendezvous. At nine o'clock in the evening Robert Emmet, in the uniform of the rebel army, and with pistols at his belt, was seen coming out of Thomas street towards the market place, followed by fifty men. He was soon to learn all the wretchedness of a chief condemned to lead to combat an undisciplined, tumultuous army, incapable of the bold stroke expected of it. The people poured impetuously through the streets of Dublin, giving way to no excesses, but spreading terror on their way. All the houses were closed and the women and children fled, uttering cries of terror. Malachy, Dowdall, Robert and some others of the leaders were unable to bring up to the attack on the castle more than eighty men, and the number was every moment lessening. When they reached the spot, there were hardly more than twenty. At that moment appeared a body of police, commanded by Mr. Edward Wilson, who first had the courage to face the rebels. "Shall I fire?" said Malachy, his hand on his musket. "Wait till we are attacked," said Robert Emmet, striking up the muzzle: "do not shed blood in vain." While this was going on, the report was that Lord Kilwarden's carriage, just arriving from the country, had been attacked at the city gate by a band of insurgents, and that Lord Kilwarden himself was assassinated. At this news Robert Emmet hastily retraced his steps. He arrived too late to prevent the murder, but saved Lord Kilwarden's daughter from the popular fury and carried her, fainting and more dead than alive, into a neighboring house. At the moment when Lord Kilwarden fell into the hands of the insurgents, he thought, and with some appearance of reason, for his name was justly popular in Dublin, to save his life by making himself known. Showing himself at the carriage door, he cried out, "What do you want of me? I am Lord Kilwarden, the Chief-Justice." At the word Chief-Justice, one of the insurgents mistakenly thought he recognized in Lord Kilwarden the author of a wretched child's death to whom he was related. "If you are the Chief-Justice, take what you deserve!" and with a pike-thrust he struck him down in the carriage. Thus crime engenders crime, and the innocent perishes for the guilty on the day of reprisals. Lord Kilwarden, assassinated in the Dublin insurrection, was, in fact, the gentlest and the justest of the English magistracy. His life, during the stormy times in which it passed, had been one continual protest in favor of justice and humanity. Dying and covered with wounds, he was carried into a neighboring guard-house; and hearing all around him the imprecations of the English soldiers against the insurgents, Lord Kilwarden roused himself for an instant and uttered with a feeble voice, before he expired, these admirable words: "Let no one perish for my death, but by ordinary course of law"—words, says Phillips, that should have been graven in gold upon his tomb.

From that moment Robert Emmet absolutely despaired of the success of the day. "Fortune," says Lord Cloncurry, "had from the beginning been against him, but discouragement and fear were strangers to his nature; and it was not till then that his resolution was seen weakened and wavering." The assassination of Lord Kilwarden filled him with grief and horror. Of the qualities necessary to the conspirator, or leader of an insurrection, Robert had all the audacity and spirit of enterprise, but not the resolution to attain his ends by unscrupulous use of means. He was disgusted and indignant against this people, whom he could not animate to the attack of the castle, and which gave itself up to acts of cowardly ferocity. It may truly be said, it was the murder of Lord Kilwarden that saved the city and decided the fate of the day. Meanwhile the alarm had been given, the gates of the castle closed, the regiments of cavalry and artillery ordered out, and all the advantage of surprise lost. In two hours the English troops had swept the streets. The leaders of the insurrection, however, made one last effort to rally the people, who fled before the red-coats, and to bring them up to the combat. They succeeded in getting possession, for a short time, of the City Hall and of a post commanded by Lieutenant Douglas. Col. Brown was killed at the end of a furious assault. The next day it was seen how violent had been the fray, by the number of dead and wounded of both camps left on the spot. This skirmish was signalized by a very affecting incident. A father threw himself before his son, to shield him from the fury of the soldiers, and fell dead, pierced through with bayonets. The young man avenged his father's death upon the soldier by stretching him dead at his feet. But soon the rout became general, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Emmet and his companions.

Under cover of night, Robert Emmet retreated with the insurgents. The first house without the city, where, with Malachy, Dowdall, and some others, he sought a refuge on that ill-fated night, was that of Anne Devlin. She was a woman of twenty-five or twenty-six years old, employed, as we have seen, in his service, and the niece of Michael Dwyer, one of the most audacious of the rebels of 1798. We shall see hereafter what was the heroic devotedness of this poor woman to her master; but at that hour, with the instinct of the children of the people, which always takes sides with their own class against superior ones, she received him thus: "What! wretched man! you stir up the people and then abandon them?" "Do not reproach me, my dear Anne," replied Robert Emmet; "if we have been defeated, it is their fault and not mine."

At the break of day they succeeded in getting horses. The conspirators dispersed, and the greater part of them took refuge in the mountains of Wicklow. There they found the peasants and mountaineers under arms and ready to rise. That very evening the heads of the conspiracy, arriving on all sides from Dublin, met in a meadow in the midst of the mountains and deliberated on their future course. All counselled the most energetic resolutions. On the morrow, they said, the cities of Wicklow, Arklow and others must be taken. "Ireland was on fire, and at the least signal would rise wholly and at once." The period of illusions was over for Robert Emmet.—He listened to his friends in silence, without contradicting them, but he did not hesitate absolutely to condemn the continuance of hostilities. "Our first plan having failed," he said to them, "every new effort on our part will henceforth be useless. Our enemies are armed, our friends are discouraged, we have no hopes but in the future; let us await it then with patience. Our cause is just, and justice will sooner or later triumph! Let us not compromise ourselves by rash enterprises. Doubtless we may be able, forty-eight hours hence, to kindle the flames of rebellion over all Ireland; but what do we seek? The deliverance of our country. I believe I shall serve its interests better by refusing to raise my name on the ruin of thousands of our fellow-citizens, and to give to our tyrants a pretext for loading us with still heavier chains. If ever, in future times, calumny shall seek to make my name responsible for the blood last night shed, I trust some one will be found to recall the fact that it depended on me to transform this revolt of a day into a rebellion, and that I refused to do it. In insurrection everything depends on the first blow; and in that blow we have failed. Our plan was good. It has been wrecked by circumstances impossible to foresee and independent of ourselves. Now let us conceal our place of retreat; the most profound secrecy has presided over our operations; our losses are but trifling; let the government fall again into a false security, ignorant of the risk it has run, and of the extent of our resources. One day, and perhaps sooner than we think, it will afford us occasion to attack it more successfully. Our undertaking will not have been useless, if it has shown us that thousands of men may be in possession of a secret, and not a traitor among them all. Let me entreat you, friends, to act under these circumstances with the prudence that becomes men devoted to the greatest of causes, the deliverance of their native land. Be circumspect, be silent, and give no justification to the suspicions of your enemies.

"For me destiny throws an impenetrable veil over the future. If I succeed in making my escape, be assured that you will one day again behold me, armed for the deliverance of Ireland. While Robert Emmet lives, the government of this country shall not be safe. But if I am to perish on the scaffold, suffer not yourselves to be intimidated by my fate; nor allow cowards to discourage you from unceasing appeals to arms, until the time when you shall have reconquered the rights and independence of your country. Remember, and bid your children remember, too, that if fortune had favored me, if I had only had a few more thousand men and a few more days before me, I should have overturned the throne of despotism and restored liberty to Ireland.

"Gentlemen, let us now part, and let each one secure his own safety. I shall do my best to quit the country, hoping to see you one day, under better auspices."

The voice of Emmet faltered as he spoke, and he was profoundly affected in bidding his companions farewell. A gloomy silence followed this brilliant address. Every face was pale, and tears shone in the eyes of all present. Discouragement and anxiety for the future had succeeded to the factitious excitement of the first moment. After some hesitation, all united with him in opinion, and gradually, by twos and by threes, the assembly separated. In a private letter which was read on his trial, Robert shows still more discouragement, not only as to the present, but the future also, of his country. "He is very much cast down," wrote Dowdall, "and says that one can do nothing with this people; they have only to endure their slavery, since they are neither worthy nor capable of shaking it off. This last affair convinced him of it, for it would certainly have succeeded but for their cowardly desertion. Nothing was easier than to carry the castle, if they had only had a little courage and determination. I readily believe it, for Robert is as brave as Cæsar; and certainly if anything had been possible, he would have done it."

At the moment of parting, they pressed round Robert Emmet, and earnestly exhorted him to go before the police should discover his retreat. An unequalled opportunity presented at that moment; fishing-boats belonging to the insurgents were to transport them in a few hours far from the coast. Robert, with some embarrassment, excused himself, saying that it was absolutely necessary for him, before quitting Ireland, to return for a few days to Dublin. All exclaimed that to return to Dublin, where, probably, a price had already been set upon his head, was the highest imprudence. Pressed by their questions, Robert at length avowed that he must see, at Dublin, a person beloved, whom he had involuntarily wronged, and whose pardon he wished to obtain, before saying, perhaps, an eternal adieu. Argument, entreaty, all were useless. "He could not quit Ireland for years, perhaps forever, without seeing her once more. Were he to meet a thousand deaths, he would do it; he was determined to see her once more."

It was "on that very romantic business," as one of his friends, with a natural enough irritation, called it, that Emmet returned to Dublin at the risk of his life. It is probable that love alone did not take him back to Dublin. His whole conduct proves that he thought his honor engaged not to abandon those whom his temerity had compromised by seeming to think of his own personal safety. He established himself at Harold's Cross, with Mrs. Palmer, on the road which led to the country house where dwelt Miss Curran. Did he succeed in seeing her again? No one knows with certainty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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* I have had the advantage of Mr. Byrne's acquaintance; who, after a period of more than fifty years, speaks of Robert Emmet with respectful emotion, and who preserves in his voluntary exile all the sentiments of a rebel of 1798.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

From The "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains."

CHARLES FORBES, Count de Montalembert, was born in London on the 10th of March, 1810, and is descended from an ancient family of Poitou, of which one member, André Seigneur d'Esse, distinguished himself under Louis XII., and Francis I. His father, Marc Réné, an emigrant of the army of the great Condé, was a Peer of France, and Ambassador of Charles X. at Stockholm. His mother was an Englishwoman. M. de Montalembert, who has varied considerably in the application of his principles, has always declared himself to be a Catholic and a Liberal. From the beginning he accepted that alliance of Catholicism and Democracy of which Lamenais was the apostle, and was reckoned among the first editors of the journal called the *Avenir*. Having begun from that period a kind of warfare against the University, on the 29th of April, 1831, he opened with MM. de Coux and Lacordaire a school called École Libre, the result of which was to bring them before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. Having become during this trial, through the death of his father, a Peer of France, he demanded the high jurisdiction of the Chamber of which he was a member, and was accordingly tried by that body and condemned to a fine of 100fr. His defence, pronounced in so high a tribunal, may be considered as his *débût* in the political world, but his age did not allow him to have a deliberative voice in the Chamber until 1840.

The condemnation of Lammenais in the Court of Rome brought back M. de Montalembert to the most severe orthodoxy, and he devoted himself to studies on the Middle Age, which have had a very decisive influence on him. His celebrated "Life of Ste. Elizabeth of Hungary" was written in 1837. In 1842 he violently opposed the project of M. Villemain on education; and in the following year, on the occasion of the discussion in the Chamber of Peers on the relations of the Church and State, he published his "Manifeste Catholique." Having married in 1843 the daughter of a Belgian Minister, Madlle. Merode, he made a short tour, and returned in the following year to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three speeches on the Liberty of the Church, Freedom of Education, and Liberty of the Monastic Orders. In the last named he openly espoused the defence of the Jesuits. In 1847, he founded the committee of a religious society in favor of the Sonderbund. As another consequence of his Liberal principles he spoke loudly in favor of the oppressed nationalities—for Poland and for Ireland (1831, 1844, 1848) On the 10th of February, 1848, he had a funeral service performed at Notre Dame in memory of O'Connell. At the same time, in a speech on political radicalism, he prophesied that there would be a republic in France before three months had elapsed. It is well known that this prophecy was realized even before the expiration of that period.

M. de Montalembert appeared to side openly with this new state of things, and offered his services to the Democrats in a manifesto which has often been brought against him. He presented himself at the election for the Constituent Assembly in the department of the Doubs, where his family had large estates. He was elected, the last on the list, by 22,000 votes, and took his seat on the extreme Right. Being a member of the Electoral Committee of the Rue de Poictiers, he generally voted with the Moderate party. But notwithstanding, he sided with the Left against the reëstablishment of the caution money of the journals, and against the maintenance of the state of siege during the discussion of the Constitution. He opposed the admission of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and refused to give his approval to the *ensemble* of the Constitution. But at the end of the session he oddly enough made one of his two principles—"liberty"—subordinate to the other—"authority," and supported in a remarkable speech the restrictive bill on the press, presented by M. Dufaure, and gave his full adhesion to the expedition to Rome. Having been reëlected to the Legislative Assembly by the department of the Doubs, and at the same time by that of the Côte du Nord, M. de Montalembert still more warmly redeemed his exalted personality. Excited by the rival eloquence of M. Victor Hugo, who became his natural adversary, he displayed remarkable talent as an orator. The struggle commenced between them on the subject of the *Motu Proprio* of the Pope, and was carried on in a character completely personal in the discussion on the organic bill on public instruction. As member of the committee which prepared the law of the 31st May against universal suffrage, M. de Montalembert declared that it was necessary to undertake "the expedition to Rome in the interior." At the commencement of 1851, the period when the first recriminations of the Assembly against the President of the Republic began, he frequently separated himself from his party to take up the defence of the President, declaring that he was neither his adviser nor his confidant, but his witness, and protesting "against one of the most blind and least justified acts of ingratitude of the day." He was then charged with the report on the law for the observance of the Sabbath, which, however, was not voted. His last struggle against M. Victor Hugo took place in June, 1851, at the time of the project of the revision of the Constitution. At the time of the *coup d'état* of December 2, M. de Montalembert protested against the incarceration of the deputies. He nevertheless formed part of the second consultative committee, and was elected to the Legislative Body by the department of the Doubs in 1852, and was almost the only representative of the Opposition. In 1854, on the occasion of a confidential letter written by him to M. Dupin, which was published contrary to his will in the Belgian journals, and afterwards hawked about in Paris, the Assembly authorized legal proceedings against him, which ended in a nonsuit. At the last election in 1857, M. de Montalembert defeated, in spite of his utmost efforts, by the Government candidate, then and then only retired from public life. Aristocratic and liberal, a great admirer of English institutions, and devoted to the traditions of the Court of Rome, equally absolute and radical in the most opposite theories, M. de Montalembert has a distinct physiognomy in the midst of contemporaneous politicians, and enjoys more than one kind of influence. The chief of a small fraction of distinguished men to whom he has given the militant name of "Catholic party," he declares himself at the same time a passionate worshipper of liberty. But confounding it with a certain concession of individual license, which is nothing more or less than privilege, he places the golden age in the Middle age at the period of the seigneur bishops. This mixture of principles, more or less reconcilable with each other, has at least allowed him to express successively the most opposite opinions without appearing to be in contradiction with himself; but in the opinion of the majority, and notwithstanding his dissensions with the *Univers*, his name has not been the less for a long time the symbol of political and clerical authority carried to its highest pitch. An orator at once brilliant and persuasive, M. de Montalembert has also distinguished himself as a writer by several works which won for him at the French Academy the *Fauteuil of Droz* (Feb. 5, 1852). His speech, in the ideas of which M. Guizot, who was charged to reply to it, eagerly joined, was a very warm and spirited attack against the conquests of 1789, and, in general, against the Revolution. We will mention, in addition to his "Vie de Sainte Elizabeth de Hongrie," "Duchesse du Thuringe" (1830, in vo., 5th edition, 1849, in 12 mo), several times republished, abridged (1841), and illustrated (1838); "Du Catholicisme, et du Vandalisme dans l'Art" (1829, in 8vo.); "Du devoir des Catholiques dans la question de la liberté d'enseignement" (1844); "Trois discours prononcés à la Chambre des Pairs" (1844); "Saint Anselme; fragment de l'introduction à l'histoire de Saint Bernard" (1844, in 8vo.); "Quelques conseils aux Catholiques sur la direction à donner à la polémique actuelle, et sur quelques dangers à éviter" (1849); Pamphlet, "Des intérêts catholiques au xixe. siècle" (1852); "L'avenir politique de l'Angleterre" (1855); "Pie IX. et Lord Palmerston" (1856); also different articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in the *Encyclopédie Catholique*, in the *Correspondant* of which M. de Montalembert is now one of the most assiduous editors.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OH, maiden! heir of kings!
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.
She heard, and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries;
And while her heralds played their part
For millions' shouts to drown,
She heard, through all her beating heart,
And turned, and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls,
They reined her hundred steeds,
They shouted at her palace walls,
"A noble Queen succeed!"
Her name hath stirred the mountain steep,
Her praise hath filled the town;
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep—
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved—
The tyrant's sceptre could not move
As those pure tears have moved;
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties;
Strange blessing on the nation lies
Whose sovereign wept—
Ay, *wept* to wear its crown!

God bless thee, weeping Queen!
With blessing more divine;
And fill with holier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercéd hand shall give to thee
The crown that angels shout to see;
Thou wilt not *weep*
To wear that heavenly crown!

FUNERAL OF THE SISTER OF ROBERT BURNS.

From The Ayr (Scotland) Advertiser.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. Begg took place in Alloway churchyard on Thursday. About 1 o'cock, the company invited, which was necessarily limited, assembled in the parlor at Bridgehouse, where an appropriate prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Dyess. A number of the inhabitants of the town spontaneously joined in the procession, which started at about 1 1-2 o'clock. Mr. Robert Burns Begg and Mr. John Begg, sons of the deceased, walked as chief mourners, accompanied by five of her grandsons, their own children. In the procession was observed James Baird, Esq., of Cambusdoon; Capt. M. Taggart, of Seafield; Hugh Cowan, Esq., Dr. Hunter, Dr. Montgomerie, the Rev. Messrs. Dykes, Gairdner, Rowan, Rie and Buchanan; Messrs. Teller, T. M. Gemmell, W. Stewart, T. White, J. Dick, M. Dick, J. M'Neillie, R. Taylor, J. Taylor, A. Lang, J. F. Murdoch, R. H. Smith, J. Fraser, Capt. Hughan, B. Stewart, T. Cree, H. Henry, J. Smith, M. Thomson, Hugh Blackwood, John Struthers, D. Campbell, Gilbert Porteous, &c., &c. Perhaps the most interesting person there was Mr. John Taylor, brother, and for thirty-five years assistant, to Mr. Robert Taylor, of our Academy. He is aged upwards of 80, lives in Wallacetown, and, when a lad, resided with his mother in Dumfries, was a near neighbor of the poet Burns, familiar with his appearance, and one of the company invited to, and present at, his first funeral. We say his first funeral, for Mr. Taylor informs us that *the remains of Robert Burns were interred no fewer than three times*. The first funeral took place only two days after his death, and was quite small and private, and his resting-place was in an obscure corner of St. Michael's Churchyard. A few weeks or months after, when public feeling began to grow and find expression regarding the treatment of the bard, he was removed to what was deemed a more fitting part of the same cemetery; and, still later, to that quarter over which the mausoleum was erected. This of itself is one of those facts which must awaken very many strange reflections regarding the wondrous career of the poet. Mr. Taylor assures us that, at the time of his death, the event created no sensation whatever in the neighborhood, and the funeral no more interest than any other!

Mrs. Begg was deposited in the grave which contains her father's dust, and at the head of which stands the stone with the fine poetical inscription which filial piety has traced:

Oh ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend,
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man—to vice alone a foe;
For "e'en his failings leant to virtue's side."

It is well known that his wife was buried in Bolton Churchyard, East Lothian, and his descendants are positive that the grave was never opened to receive any of their kindred, so that there was some astonishment felt when, in addition to the remains of the poet's father, those of some other—a woman, whose age must have been about 30—were turned up. From the state of advanced decay, however, in which they were, compared with the fresh condition of those of William Burns, it is almost certain that they had been interred long before the burial of the latter, and belonged to some prior tenant of the tomb.

In this grave the remains of Mrs. Begg were lowered, on Thursday, by her sons and grandsons, and amid the respectful regrets of those who had come to pay the last office of kindness. The grave has closed over persons more famous and more wealthy; but it is impossible it could contain one who had more faithfully and virtuously performed in life the part to which God had called her, or who, as a truly noble specimen of the Scottish matron, has left behind her a more fragrant memory. Except the loss of her companionship, there is nothing to regret in her departure. The loss belongs to those who are left behind, the gain is hers who has only gone before.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A priest said to a peasant, whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself and you teaches me."

——M. Ballogh, a Hungarian, asserts that he has managed to square the circle, and he has just sent copies of his work on the subject which contains numerous diagrams, to the Academy of Science in Vienna and Paris, and to the heads of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

——RETORT.—Dr. Bushby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "O, sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

——OLD PAPERS.—A very interesting discovery has been made by Dr. McCrie, in his antiquarian explorations of London, namely, that of *the Minutes of the Westminster Assembly*, in manuscript, extending over the whole period of its sittings. Dr. Lee, Principal of Edinburgh University, believed they had been destroyed by fire. They are now found in the Episcopal Library of "Sion College," in the city, where Presbytery, in its brief, palmy days, had its head-quarters.

——BURNS'S CENTENARY.—It is worthy of notice, at the present, especially, that Burns, writing to his earliest patron, Gavin Hamilton, in 1786, thus expresses himself: "For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in Poor Robin and Aberdeen almanacks, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge." See Lockhart's "Life of Burns," page 110.

——A printing office employing only deaf and dumb compositors has been opened in the town of Zablagen in Wurtemburg. Pressmen and compositors altogether number 160 men, all of whom are deaf-mutes. Eleven of the type-setters are women. The proprietor of the establishment, M. Theodore Helgerad, has educated the men and women for the business, at his own cost, and the King has conferred a gold medal upon him. There is at least one quiet printing office now, where there are no shouts for "copy" and no clamoring for "fat takes."

——Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance to Shakspeare is dedicated to Douglas Jerrold, as follows:

To
DOUGLAS JERROLD,
The first wit of the age,
This Concordance of
SHAKSPEARE,
The first wit of *every* age,
Is dedicated by
MARY COWDEN CLARKE,
Of a *certain* age, and no wit at all.

——THE "FUNNY PULPIT."—Sunday afternoon lectures to the working classes have been resumed in several places. The Rev. A. Mursell has lectured at Manchester, the last two Sundays, on "Stand at Ease" and "Lodgings to Let." This is going quite far enough out of the beaten track. The titles of some of the lectures are open to positive objection on account of their flippancy. Thus, at Huddersfield, the Rev. J. Hanson has been lecturing from "Breach of Promise"; and at Halifax the Rev. W. Walters has taken as subjects, "Love's Labor Lost," and "Light of Other Days."

——Dr. Beck of Danzic has made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote, or rather a counterpoison, for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste which he incloses in an olive, and which at once, absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments upon a Pole, an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Radevil, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

——THE INK OF THE ANCIENTS.—In a letter from Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, addressed to the *Society of Arts' Journal*, he states that, by making a solution of shellac with borax, in water, and adding a suitable proportion of pure lamp-black, an ink is producible which is indestructible by time or by chemical agents, and which, on drying, will present a polished surface, as with the ink found on the Egyptian papyri. He made ink in the way described, and proved, if not its identity with that of ancient Egypt, yet the correctness of the formula which has been given him by the late Mr. Charles Hatchett, F. R. S.

——CLERICAL INTOLERANCE.—A few weeks since a young couple, living in Freshwater, and who attend the Baptist Chapel, had the banns published at the parish church, and no objection was then raised, but on the day appointed for the wedding they received a notice from the minister, stating that he would not marry them on account of their not having been baptized! This, of course, was a great disappointment, as they were obliged to lead a life of celibacy a little longer, until the arrangements were made for their being married at the Baptist Chapel at Newport, which took place a few days since. "It is astonishing," observes the *Hampshire Independent*, "how much trouble the Church of England will take to make Dissenters."

——THE PATIENCE OF A DUMB BEAST EXHAUSTED.—A strange occurrence, says *Galignani's Messenger*, took place recently at Gardanne, Bouches-du-Rhone. A farmer had been in the habit of ill-treating a donkey, and on the day in question had beaten the poor animal more brutally than usual. The proverbial patience of the long-eared animal appears at length to have been exhausted, and, taking advantage of the moment when the man had just taken off its harness, the donkey rushed forward, knocked him down, and then began tearing him in the most brutal manner with his teeth, striking him with its fore feet. The man cried out for assistance, but before aid could arrive he was so badly injured that he died in a few hours.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office The price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded by mail, is given below:

	Price.	By mail.
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 00	1 20
Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected,	15	17
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	3	8
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854,	10	14
Address of Theodore Parker, State House,	17	20
A Collection of Valuable Documents,	15	18
American Chattelized Humanity. By Jona. Walker,	10	16
Anti-Slavery Alphabet,	8	10
Appeal to the Women of the Nominally Free States. By Angelina G. Weld,	15	
Argument of Wendell Phillips for Removing Judge Loring,	10	10
Argument of Edward Livingston Against Capital Punishment,	15	17
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Life of Isaac T. Hopper. By L. Maria Child,	1 00	1 18

Persons wishing to order any of the above publications by mail, should enclose the price, including postage, in a letter addressed to the American Anti-Slavery Society, 138 Nassau street, New York.

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JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

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A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
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